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THE AMERICAN COMPROMISE.

IT has been known for some days that negotiations are proceeding for the purpose of rendering the arbitration at Geneva practicable; and Lord GRANVILLE and Mr. GLADSTONE have stated that, although the last American despatch is unsatisfactory, there is still a prospect of an amicable solution. It was in the power of the American Government at any time to escape from the consequences of its own error, by withdrawing the objectionable part of the original Case. The consent of the Senate was not required to a proceeding which would have been undeniably consistent with the terms of the ratified Treaty. The PRESIDENT might at his pleasure, without further reference to the Senate, have originally confined the claims to the losses caused by the depredations of any one of the Confederate cruisers; and even those who strain the words of the Treaty to include the so-called indirect claims, contend, not that the American Government was bound to prefer them, but that it was entitled to submit them to the Arbitrators. The simple correction of a mistake which is now universally admitted would have been far more dignified than any circuitous evasion of the difficulty which has arisen. It would not have been necessary even to confess that the indirect claims were improperly included in the Case. The American counsel might have been instructed to state that for sufficient reasons they intended to confine themselves to the direct claims, and that they asked for no award on the other demands advanced in the original Case. The same object might have been still more satisfactorily attained by a diplomatic communication to the English Government pledging the United States to abstain from pressing the disputed claims. If, nevertheless, the American Government prefers some more complicated method of settlement, it is desirable to facilitate, as far as propriety and security allow, a virtual retreat from a false position; but the utmost caution will be required in settling the terms of any diplomatic arrangement, and it is absolutely necessary to take care that no fresh concession is extorted as the price of a simple act of justice. It would be satisfactory to learn that a newspaper Correspondent who attributed the initiative to Sir EDWARD THORNTON was utterly mistaken. The English cause has already been sufficiently damaged by excessive eagerness for a termination of the controversy. The harsh terms of the Treaty, and the refusal to recognize the Fenian claims, which has been justly resented by the Canadians, may be largely attributed to the profuse liberality of the English Commissioners. The general satisfaction which was expressed in England at the supposed termination of the long-standing quarrel evidently tempted Mr. BANCROFT DAVIS and his employers to try the national patience somewhat further by the offensive vituperation of the Case, and by the monstrous demand for some hundreds of millions sterling. It was not until the general indignation expressed itself in a firm resolution to withdraw from the arbitration, that the Americans began to suspect that their astute agents had at last overreached themselves. It is not the business of an English Minister to check a tardy repentance by once more betraying anxiety for the maintenance of a Treaty which has only been endangered by the grasping proceedings of the adverse litigant. It will probably be found that the overture for fresh negotiations proceeded from the American Government.

The tenor of the rumoured proposal for a compromise is not a little surprising. According to several telegraphic statements, the American Government proposes to abstain from insisting on the indirect claims on condition of a formal agreement on the part of England to advance no analogous pretensions in the contingency of a war in which the United States would be neutral. It would be as reasonable to give

a formal undertaking that in any future war prisoners should not be mutilated or sold as slaves. It is quite as likely that an English Government would slit the noses of American captives as that it would ask a neutral who had allowed a cruiser to escape from his ports to pay the cost of two or three years of a war with which he had no concern. Before Mr. SUMNER made his famous speech there was no reason to suppose that any human being could have held England responsible for the alleged prolongation of the civil war; and even Mr. SUMNER founded his claim for damages rather on the recognition of Confederate belligerency than on the escape of the *Alabama*. A formal disavowal of a ridiculous doctrine would almost amount to a confession that it had at some time been directly or indirectly countenanced. There is a still graver objection to the suggested undertaking in its tendency to confuse the character and meaning of the recent English protest. The nation has resolved that there shall be no arbitration on the consequential damages, not because they are absurdly unjust, but on the definite and single ground that they are not covered by the letter or the spirit of the Treaty. A condemnation of the principle of indirect claims would involve the acceptance of a new and irrelevant issue. It is also important to remember that the distinction between direct and indirect claims is wholly vague and popular. The American negotiators have already, with characteristic adroitness, entangled the English Government in an admission that the claim for the cost of American ships of war is included in the terms of the Treaty. The assumption was allowed to pass in the discussion which is recorded in the Protocol of the 10th of May; and the English Government has honourably determined to submit to the results of its own timidity or negligence; yet the claims for the expenses of the American navy are as indirect as the demand for the costs of the war, though they may be less remote and less preposterous. It is impossible to foresee the violations of neutrality which may hereafter furnish belligerents with causes of complaint, or to anticipate the more or less direct nature of the damages which may be claimed by an injured party. There can be no doubt that a litigious neutral would take advantage of the supposed declaration to contend that none of the consequences of her acts were sufficiently direct to involve her responsibility. There is no more fruitful source of error than the use in legal documents of phrases which have no definite or legal meaning. Recent experience shows the strong probability of misunderstandings when any contract with the United States involves a possible ambiguity. It is evident that the two communities attach different meanings, not only to words, but to silence which may have been supposed to imply a tacit understanding.

It will also be the duty of the English Minister to watch with scrupulous vigilance the possible bearing of any diplomatic agreement on the arbitration which it is intended to facilitate. The ingenious lawyer who quoted, as English admissions of guilt, the impassioned advocacy of the Federal cause by Mr. COBDEN and Mr. BRIGHT, would not be restrained by superfluous delicacy from twisting an agreed abandonment of the consequential damages into an admission that the remaining claims were well founded. In the telegraphic version the reported compromise consists of a declaration that indirect damages are not to be incurred in respect of vessels escaping from neutral ports under circumstances similar to those which related to the *Alabama*. It would seem to follow that direct damages were incurred, although the English Case disputes the liability for any compensation. It is scarcely probable that either English or American Correspondents have ascertained the exact words of the proviso which they communicate, although there is no reason to doubt the substantial accuracy of their information. It is possible that they may have

been entirely misinformed; but on the whole it may be conjectured that the American Government is disposed to give way, if it can obtain an ostensible price for the concession. It is not altogether reasonable that England should be forced to buy exemption from injury; but if the sacrifice is merely nominal and verbal, it will be prudent as well as generous to yield. Any surrender of the points for which the nation has during several months been contending would be universally and justly condemned. It is still difficult to understand why, if a compromise was to be effected, Mr. FISH refused, in his despatch to General SCHENCK, all modification of the American Case. If arbitration is still in any way practicable, it is better that the Treaty should at the last moment be rescued from extinction. There were those who feared that it partook of the nature of an abject submission; but the apology and the approval of the new rules of international law cannot now be recalled. If English pride has been humiliated, it is better to secure the consideration for which excessive concessions were made. It was a matter of course that Lord RUSSELL should postpone his motion in the House of Lords; nor will either House of Parliament embarrass negotiation by premature interference. The Ministers ought not to complain that they will hereafter be required to render a strict account of their negotiations. They can scarcely be so weak as to conclude, in conformity with the recommendation of one of their advisers, any Treaty which will be binding on England while on the American side it will require the ratification of the Senate. There is in truth no need of any new Convention, inasmuch as the American Executive has absolute and ultimate control of its own proceedings in the litigation. Another reported proposal needs only to be mentioned that it may be summarily condemned. A mere undertaking on the American side not to claim money compensation for the pretended prolongation of the war would be a recognition of the American version of the Treaty. The possible award by the Arbitrators of a gross sum might be attributed in part to the indirect claims if they are in any way included in the reference. The solution of the problem is not impracticable, but it will require the exercise both of wisdom and firmness.

#### WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.

THE ladies have had their outing this week, but not with any great success. Their claims do not meet with increasing sympathy in the House of Commons. Two years ago the Bill for removing their electoral disabilities actually got through a second reading; last year more than a hundred and fifty members espoused their cause; but this year the number of their supporters has fallen off, and the number of their enemies has increased. The saddest stroke perhaps for enthusiasts in the cause was that member after member got up and said that, whereas on previous occasions he had supported the Bill, he must now oppose it; and the reason for this change of opinion was the disheartening one that the speakers conceived themselves to have meanwhile ascertained that women generally did not wish to have the franchise. Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN declared that in four years he had only met two women who wished to have a vote, or who would vote if they were allowed. The Attorney-General for IRELAND seems to have been converted into an opponent of the Bill by a lady to whom he boasted in a former year that he had been spending the afternoon in helping to enfranchise her sex, and who replied that he might have been better employed. Mr. EASTWICK, who seconded the motion for the second reading, and who in doing so made an almost exhaustive speech against the principle of the measure, owned that women in some portions of the United States who might have the franchise if they liked were either profoundly indifferent to it or positively refused to have it. This was the most fatal argument against the Bill. If the ladies do not really wish to vote, why on earth should men, who would be most seriously inconvenienced by their voting, make them have votes? No one can prove that women do or do not wish to have votes, but the balance of probability against their really wishing it seems very great. The only women who ever dream of even asking themselves whether they would like to have votes are, we may safely answer, among the classes who, speaking according to a humble standard, may be called educated. The bulk of such women have at any rate very strong inducements not to wish for the suffrage, and very slight inducements to make them wish for it. They of course feel the objections more or less strongly which are grounded on religion, custom and habit, and on the current theories of what women can

do and ought to do. But we may put these aside for the moment, and attend only to minor considerations, which are sure to weigh with women powerfully, and which account for a great part of that dislike of, or indifference to, the proposed change which so long as it lasts makes the Bill an absurdity. In the first place, most men dislike the Bill, and most women want to please men. This may not seem a very high motive, but it is a very operative one. In the next place, if women had to take an active part in politics, the ease of conversation and the pleasure of social intercourse would be greatly diminished. Politics are real business, and if they are to be discussed, they must be discussed on the basis of being real business; but the whole charm of the social intercourse of the sexes would be at an end if politics were talked of between them in a business-like way. Far stronger, however, than all other arguments of this minor kind with most sensible and respectable women must be the connexion, whether accidental or otherwise, between the women who say they want votes and the women who have heralded their political enfranchisement by making themselves publicly prominent in the discussion of the loathsome subject of the Contagious Diseases Acts. If a lady can, by disclaiming any wish to have a vote, tacitly mark herself off from these immodest disputants, she may very naturally wish to do so. These are not very grand or high-sounding reasons for a desire to keep aloof from the franchise; and most women have better ones; but they are reasons which have practically a great amount of effect; and the important point is that women do not want to have votes, and that therefore it is ridiculous to think of giving them votes, whatever may be the reasons by which, consciously or unconsciously, they are led to this conclusion.

The friends of the ladies, however, do not rest their cause on matters with which women who are in comfortable easy circles have much to do; and it is to the philanthropical and benevolent instincts of the sex that they make appeal. They say that women are wronged, and that the only way of getting their wrongs redressed is to give them votes. Mr. JACOB BRIGHT, who is their spokesman, has an exceedingly poor opinion of the House of Commons, and he declares that the only way to get the House to pay any attention to any subject of public interest is to force it to do so. Women have no votes, and are trampled on; if they had votes, members would have to take notice of the wishes and grievances of a large number of energetic constituents, and must bring in, support, and carry Bills in the interest of women. Once more the invaluable Mr. EASTWICK comes to our aid. He has had to form some sort of plausible theory to account for the acknowledged indifference of American women to the franchise, and one solution that much commends itself to him is that in America women have got all they want without having the franchise. This is very consoling. For if the Americans, without giving women votes, have accorded to the sex all that it can fairly ask, we may hope to do the same. The three great wrongs of women, we understand, are that they do not when married retain a separate control over their property, that men who beat women are not punished with sufficient severity, and that, in that terrible matter on which emancipated women love to dwell, the sexes are not treated with equal delicacy. On this last point we do not care to dwell. It is one of those subjects which it is impossible to argue out honestly and fairly so long as there is a probability of modest, innocent women reading what is written or hearing what is said. But a House of Commons must be a very poor and misguided assembly if it cannot deal with such simple subjects as the property of married women and the proper punishment of men who strike women. It so happens that in this Session two Bills have been brought in designed to remedy the grievances under which on those heads women are supposed to be suffering; but Mr. JACOB BRIGHT discountsenances these insidious and base attempts to show that men can do, and are now willing to do, all that women would, as it is alleged, force men to do if women might vote at Parliamentary elections. He does not like his pet case being taken out of his hands. But the House of Commons naturally and justly does not approve of this way of treating it. Parliament would, it is honestly felt, pass any conceivable Bill for the protection of the persons and property of women if those who advocated the Bill would but say what it is precisely that they desire, and could prove by fair argument that the balance of advantage would be found in their having their way. What the friends of the ladies really dislike is that, when proposals on behalf of women are made in the House of Commons, they are tested by the standard of experience and good sense, and that the difficulties of real life are allowed to stand in the way of enthusiasm and



sentiment. Mr. BRIGHT, if he has anything on these heads to suggest, means that the property of married women not settled on them should not be liable to the debts of their husbands, and that men who beat or ill-use women should be severely punished. There is much to be said in favour of these propositions, and a little more than Mr. BRIGHT would allow against them. Still it might perhaps be easy to show that the property of married women might be made more secure, and that men who beat women should be more severely punished than they are now. We will suppose that this could be shown after free and fair discussion to the satisfaction of reasonable men and women. But it is a most extraordinary assumption to declare that what could thus be demonstrated would never be accepted by the House of Commons, and that in order to get such simple and tiny changes in the law carried out, it is necessary to alter the whole constitutional system of England. This is like vowing that the only way to taste roast pig is to imitate LAMB'S Chinaman, and burn the house about the porker's ears.

The Bill introduced by Mr. JACOB BRIGHT was to all appearance a harmless little Bill. It only proposed to enable women who can vote at municipal elections to vote also at Parliamentary elections. The number of women, according to the supporters of the Bill, who would vote under it, was totally insignificant—so small, indeed, that it was difficult to see how they could do much to alter the law as regards the property of married women, or the punishment of brutal men who strike the women dependent on them. But it was allowed on all hands that this was only the thin edge of the wedge, and that, if this tiny fraction of the female population was to be allowed to vote, the whole body would gain their rights sooner or later. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL, for example, spoke with the greatest admiration of QUEENS ELIZABETH and ANNE, and asked how it was possible to contend that women who had made such excellent Sovereigns should be regarded as unworthy to vote for members of Parliament. If Queen ELIZABETH was a spinster, Queen ANNE was a wife and the mother of a large family, and as they were both such excellent Sovereigns, one had as much claim to vote as the other. Then, again, if the true theory is that those who have special wants and grievances should have a direct influence on the House of Commons by contributing to return members, it is the married women, and not the old maids, who stand most in need of that instrument of political coercion. It is the property of married women that is stated to be in danger, and it is not old maids who are liable to black eyes and bruised cheeks at the hands of cruel men. Married women might, by a bold fiction, be supposed to be likely to be too much under the influence of their husbands; but then it was replied that we are going to have the Ballot, and under the Ballot women cannot be under the influence of their husbands; for, although they might promise to vote as their husbands wished, their husbands would never be sure that their wives would not secretly vote contrary to their promises, and this is the way in which all intimidation is to be prevented. If women are to rule at all, married women must certainly be allowed to vote as well as the less fortunate of their sex. But then this leads us into a difficulty, for exposing the full force of which we have again to thank Mr. EASTWICK. The American women do not care to vote, he said, and one main reason of this is, that there are so many voters in an American election that it is no pleasure or pride to be one among many thousands unnecessarily added to the electoral body. There is much force in this. Our electoral body is not very large in proportion to the whole population, and yet it contains many voters who do not care whether they vote or not, and who feel no very strong impulse or obligation to vote one way rather than another. If the number of voters were doubled, as it must be if women, married or unmarried, were allowed to vote, the indisposition to vote, which may not improbably be increased largely by the introduction of the Ballot, would assume very serious proportions. If women voted freely, not only would the enlargement of constituencies diminish greatly the indifference among men to the franchise, but the very fact that women exercised a preponderance in elections would make men despise the whole system of electoral representation. There would not, as has been very well pointed out in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, be any real strength or physical preponderance in the majority that decided elections. Strong, turbulent, pugnacious men would revolt against the notion of the whole force of the country being concentrated in the hands of those who had no strength to support their decisions. It would be as if the English in India were outvoted by the Bengalees; and such a state of things is one in

which orderly government is impossible. The first condition of true representative government is that the electors should feel confident that the strength of the country is with them, and that the representative body elected is as good a one as the country can furnish. Men outvoted by women could never believe either the one thing or the other, and it is therefore scarcely too much to say that to give the franchise to women would be not only to upset the basis of our present social system, but also to plunge the country in anarchy and confusion.

#### THE CARLIST INSURRECTION.

THE Carlist insurrection in Spain can only be alarming on the ground that an apparently hopeless enterprise may perhaps imply the existence of some unknown prospect of success. Whatever may have been the case during the civil war of thirty years ago, it is certain that the Carlists have little popularity or influence beyond the limits of the Northern provinces. Even the clergy are divided between the claims of the male heir of the crown of the BOURBONS and the son of the QUEEN, who was at all times equally ready to postpone her duty to the interests of the Church and to her own questionable pleasures. For many years before the Revolution of September the Carlists were unable to profit by the numerous mutinies and insurrections which from time to time disturbed public tranquillity. It was not until the chiefs of the army and navy, as well as the principal political leaders, had been alienated from the dynasty that it became possible to dethrone ISABELLA II.; and among the managers of the movement not one professed the obsolete Legitimist faith. The father of the present claimant had pusillanimously abdicated for himself and his descendants the pretensions which are now advanced by the titular Duke of MADRID. It is true that, according to the strict principles of legitimate royalty, an abdication is invalid against the rightful heir; but the timidity of DON JUAN is not likely to have increased the popular devotion to his family. If it is true that DON CARLOS has remained up to this time in safety at Geneva, it would seem that he inherits the temperament as well as the rights of his family. CHARLES IV. and FERDINAND VII. had no more distinguished qualities than a ready appreciation of personal danger. The affected deference of Carlist officers to the commands of their "august master" will scarcely produce a strong effect on the modern imagination. The grandson of an unsuccessful Pretender must render himself formidable to the reigning dynasty before he will be heartily accepted as a king even by his most zealous partisans. CHARLES VII. of Spain and HENRY V. of France are perhaps the only remaining believers in absolute monarchy. Both of them claim rights anterior to the national will, and superior to representative institutions. The Duke of MADRID, indeed, "graciously deigned" to permit the electors and candidates of his party to take their chance of success at the poll; but since they have been defeated, he not only appeals to force, but protests against the entire system of election. Soon after the French Revolution the prince who assumed the title of Louis XVIII. was equally obstinate in his refusal to recognize the changes which had taken place in France; but longer experience taught him that it was hopeless, even after the fall of NAPOLEON, to restore the despotic government of his ancestors. The BOURBON exiles of both countries are less advanced than their ancestors, for even FERDINAND VII. invoked the aid of the Cortes to transfer the succession of the throne to his daughter. The Spaniards have perhaps but an imperfect appreciation of the true spirit of constitutional government; but after many years of nominal liberty they are not likely to submit to an absolute monarch. AMADEO, ALFONSO, and the Duke of MONTPEISIER all agree in professing devotion to a Parliamentary system; and the Republicans can scarcely be prepared to substitute for the present KING an august master who has an indefeasible right to the loyalty of his subjects.

The details of the Carlist rebellion which have hitherto been published confirm the belief in its insignificance, though it is not necessary to place implicit reliance on the official accounts. When it is reported that a few scores of villagers have followed their parish priest into the mountains, it might almost be supposed that they were about to wage war with bows and arrows. The Spanish troops may perhaps be inferior in discipline and efficiency to some of the Continental armies; but a regiment trained and armed in the modern fashion could have no difficulty in scattering an indefinite number of peasants acting under clerical command. Guerrillas are utterly incapable of offering serious resistance to regular troops; but the Government is probably well advised in despatching a considerable force to the North under a commander of high rank. SERRANO

is advanced in life, and it is not known that he at any time displayed conspicuous ability as a soldier; but he may be trusted not to desert the flag for which he is fighting; and he has probably officers under his command who are capable of occupying the insurgent provinces with flying columns, and of compelling the dissolution of armed bands of rebels. It is not the custom in Spain to manage civil war with excessive regard to the lives or property of insurgents; and the KING in his speech to the Cortes announced that his Government would not be wanting in the exercise of necessary severity. It is asserted that orders have been given to shoot the Pretender by the sentence of a court-martial if he should chance to become a prisoner; but his friends have good reason to hope that he will be as unwilling as his predecessors to expose himself to unnecessary danger. The Carlist party has never yet been able to detach any part of the army from its fidelity, and the Government will have taken care not to send to the North any troops which might be suspected of disloyalty. It is remarkable that the only officers who are known to have joined in the insurrection were supposed to be adherents of Queen ISABELLA, but there is no reason to suspect a fusion which would be fatal to the prospects of Don ALFONSO. The strange statement that the Republicans have promised to favour the Carlist movement may probably be explained by the unprincipled coalition, during the late election, of all the factions which are hostile to the dynasty; but there is a wide difference between a perverse electoral combination and an armed alliance of two irreconcilable enemies. It is of course possible that the revolutionists in some of the great towns may seek to profit by the absence of the army, but it is incredible that the democrats should concert their measures with the supporters of absolute monarchy. The strength of the Duke of MADRID consists, if it has any existence, in the support given him by a section of the clergy; and the Republicans are the deadly enemies of the priests. The International Society, which has lately succeeded in frightening the Spanish Government, will certainly not employ its organization in promoting the accession of an august master.

It is not impossible that the rash attempt of the legitimate Pretender may tend to confirm the unsteady throne of the obnoxious foreigner. The troops which are employed in chastising the rebels will have learned the habit of fighting for the reigning Sovereign; and the respectable portion of the community will resent the wanton disturbance of internal peace. It is said that some of the principal leaders of the Opposition have assured the KING of their support against the insurgents; nor is a coalition impossible, especially as the rival factions and their leaders are divided from one another by no intelligible point of political difference. The French Government may be expected to discharge with readiness and zeal the obligations of neutrality. M. THIERS can have no sympathy with a Pretender whose success would encourage the numerous French partisans of the Count of CHAMBORED. A Republican rising or a civil war in the interest of the Duke of MONTPENSIER or of the son of Queen ISABELLA might be thought to have a better claim to French connivance. From every point of view the rebellion appears to be hopeless, yet the possibility of such a movement affords a striking illustration of the pernicious effects of revolution. The Carlists, though they are perhaps the weakest party in Spain, returned to the Cortes thirty-five members, who are now forbidden by their august master to take their seats. Although some of the successful candidates may have owed their seats to Republican support, it is evident that in some parts of the country a considerable minority is still opposed to all the changes and new Constitutions of two generations. Several other factions are equally unwilling to acknowledge the title of the KING; though there is no reason to suppose that any of his competitors would have been allowed to occupy the throne with less opposition. The most indispensable condition of freedom and of good government is the willing obedience which is never universally paid to newly established dignities and institutions. The good fortune of Spain, or the sagacity of PRIM, appears to have raised to the head of the State a Prince of unusual integrity, and of much spirit and ability; yet he can appeal to no general sentiment of loyalty when he is threatened by domestic enemies. It would perhaps be a popular act, in spite of constitutional doctrines borrowed from England, if the young KING were to show himself at the head of his army, which would be flattered by his presence. He might justify an active participation in the petty campaign which is about to commence by the experience which he has already acquired in the field against more formidable adversaries. On the

other hand, it is possible that his presence may be required at Madrid to regulate the incessant conflict for power of SAGASTA or ZORRILLA, and of their respective followers. The Cortes are chiefly engaged with personal and party struggles which require the control of an impartial moderator. It might also not be prudent to offend SERRANO, who has at present a prospect of acquiring glory on easy terms.

#### THE BALLOT BILL.

THE Ballot Bill has passed through Committee, and the work of the Commons in regard to it has nearly come to an end. What its fate may be in the Lords no one can pretend to say. The objects of the Bill are to make elections quiet and orderly, to prevent intimidation, and to prevent bribery. The first is undeniably a good object. English elections are too often carried on in a manner disgraceful to the community. They are accompanied by scenes of mob violence, brutal drunkenness, and general anarchy, which are revolting and humiliating to every one who would wish to see members of the first free assembly in the world elected in a fitting manner. A few good old lovers of antiquity may regret the turmoil, the wild nonsense, and the costly sham of nomination days; but by far the majority of quiet sensible men of all parties would like to see elections carried on with decorum and despatch. There is nothing, however, to show that a Ballot Bill is necessary to make elections orderly. The present Bill will, it may be expected, have this effect, and so far it is worth having; but if the same result, or if a result nearly the same, could have been approached in another way, the arguments against secret voting are not met by the allegation that quiet and order at elections will be secured, or at least very largely promoted, by the measure of the Government. If the Bill would really put a stop to bribery and intimidation, it would be worth having at the cost of almost any inconvenience and annoyance. But no Ballot Bill can possibly put down bribery. In large constituencies there is at present scarcely any bribery, and in small constituencies bribery will be just as easy as ever, and far safer. It will be impossible to detect it after it has taken place, and although the candidate will not pay beforehand for a vote which he is not sure of receiving, yet he may be even much more willing to pay afterwards than he is now, because he will only have to pay if he is elected. The agent will not have to find money, for he also will only pay for results, and will not spend a farthing until his principal has been returned, and has cashed up. Any attorney in a corrupt little borough will be able to start any rich man he pleases. Every attorney in the place will have his pocket merchant prince; then the different attorneys will begin to sound each other, and if one reveals that his merchant prince is good for 3,000*l.*, and another reveals that his patron is good for 1,000*l.* more, nothing will be more natural than that they should agree to throw the first Cæsus over and divide the plunder of the second. The inevitable conclusion is, that under a Ballot Bill small corrupt boroughs must be disfranchised; but as bribery cannot be proved, disappointed candidates will in small boroughs always believe or declare that they were defeated by bribery, and the larger constituencies will resent boroughs presumably corrupt being on an equality with them in representation. Small constituencies will therefore disappear; but as it is chiefly in these constituencies that bribery goes on to any great extent, the prevention of bribery could be accomplished without a Ballot Bill by disfranchising such constituencies. It is a very disputable point whether small constituencies ought to be done away with, and it is one objection to the Ballot Bill that it will do away with them indirectly, and not after a fair and open discussion of the consequences of the change; while, if it is advisable to do away with them, the change could be effected without a Ballot Bill. There remains the prevention of intimidation; and it is, we think, incontestable that a Bill under which voting was perfectly secret would largely diminish intimidation. But the Government Bill, as it now stands, is, on the confession of the Government itself, not a Bill under which the voting will be perfectly secret. Alterations in the Bill have been forced on the Government which have in a great degree changed its character; and it will be open to the Lords to say that, as two of the objects of the Bill could be secured without it, and as it will only very imperfectly fulfil its third object, the matter may be prudently left to stand over, and the opinion of the constituencies may be asked at the next election whether they think it worth while to change so much in order to effect so little.



This week a very important modification of their Bill has been accepted by the Government. The returning officer is to be allowed not only to know how a very large portion of the electors vote, but practically to vote for them. This was a change in their measure against which the Government steadily set their faces for a long time, and the alteration in their views was brought about in a very singular way. When a dissolution takes place there will be, it is known, a very keen competition for the representation of London. At present the Liberals, by the operation of a lucky accident, hold all four seats; but the Conservatives hope to wrest three of these seats from them at the next election. Among the electors are many Jews, and the Jews are, almost to a man, staunch Liberals. But the Jews are forbidden by their religion to work on Saturdays. They might, with the blessing of Heaven, go up to a booth on Saturday and say for whom they wished to vote, but to record their vote in writing would, they believe, be very sinful. What would happen if a cunning Conservative returning officer were to fix Saturday for the next City election? The Liberals would lose the Jew votes. This was so serious a prospect both to the sitting members and the Government, that the senior member for the City proposed, and the Government agreed, that a Jew shall be at liberty to tell the presiding officer at a booth for whom he wishes to vote, and this officer shall be used as a sort of scapegoat, and commit the sin of writing on Saturday for him, so that at once the souls of the Jews and the seats of the Liberals may be made reasonably safe. But directly, at the bidding of the Government, this convenient arrangement had been accepted by the House, it was perceived that a door had been opened to a very wide question. If Jews troubled with religious scruples might use the presiding officer in this pleasant way, why might not ignorant and uneducated Christians use him too? There are scores or hundreds of electors in every constituency who cannot read or write very well, and would like above all things to have the presiding officer or one of his clerks show them what to do, or, still better, fill up the paper for them. If the officer or his clerks, however, may fill up the voting-paper of an elector who is too ignorant to understand how the paper is filled up, the voting is practically handed over to the official who records the vote. The Government did not at all like this, and secured a large majority against it on Monday. But on Thursday Mr. FORSTER, to the great dismay of the ardent supporters of the Ballot below the gangway, capitulated. He has now accepted an amendment that if an elector produces a certificate of his inability to read, the presiding officer shall cause the vote of the elector to be secretly marked on the paper. Mr. FORSTER had said on Monday night that he had no notion how many persons would be able from defective education to fill up a ballot-paper for themselves, and different members undertook on Thursday to enlighten him. Mr. ELLICE stated that in the country districts of the part of Scotland with which he was connected a fourth, or even a third, of the electors would require assistance. Mr. SYNAN informed the House that the county of Cork was a model county in respect of education, but that even in this model county nearly half the male population could not read. Practically, therefore, in a great number of constituencies the result of the election will depend on the honesty of the presiding officer and his clerks. Let us hope they will be always honest men; but will they be believed to be honest? Mr. RYLANDS has so low an opinion of the probable honesty of such persons, that he informed the member for Limerick that he was ready to contest that constituency against him with perfect confidence as to the result if he could "fee the deputy returning officers handsomely." As Mr. FORSTER pointed out again and again before his sudden tenderness for the Jews got him into trouble, it is not enough that the elections should be honestly conducted; it must be believed that they have been honestly conducted. The irritation caused by a suspicion widely disseminated that the result of the poll is due to the manoeuvres of officials would be so great and so mischievous that it would scarcely be worth while to undergo the risk of this even to have some sort of security against intimidation. It will be easy for any opponent of the Bill in the House of Lords to show that, in every election where the number of ignorant persons in the constituency is considerable, the result will be in the hands of the deputies of the returning officer; and that if official manoeuvres are not exercised, they will be suspected, and the suspicion will be almost as mischievous as the reality.

The Government had previously been beaten on the question of punishing a voter who showed his voting-paper; but

the Bill still provided that he should vote secretly and give in his paper folded up, so that the vote should be concealed to the presiding officer. The Bill does not contemplate his being at liberty to show his vote; it merely does not punish him if he does show it. It is obvious that the right way of making his vote secret is to perfect the machinery of voting, so that the voter shall not be able to show how he is voting or has voted. Mr. EDMUND POTTER accordingly set himself to devise a scheme that should insure this. He framed an amendment with a ground plan attached, showing how a voting compartment was to be constructed. There was something very comical in the whole arrangement, with the constable who was to show the voter into a passage at the beginning of the process, and the constable who was to show him out and lock the door behind him when the process was over. But the mover of the amendment had tried to do carefully and honestly what Mr. FORSTER never seems to have done. He endeavoured to picture to himself how a vote must be given if it is meant to be given secretly. He added detail to detail as he found the difficulties he had to encounter increase, and the consequence was that he was led into a painful elaborateness of petty precautions which made the House laugh at him. But there is quite as much matter for serious criticism in the very imperfect manner in which the Government has dealt with the machinery of voting. A little more cleverness of contrivance would be very much in place on the part of the Government. The Bill as it now stands provides that the voter shall go to a desk and secretly mark his paper, and then fold it up so that no one can see how he has voted, and put the paper in the presence of the presiding officer into the ballot-box. But if, after voting, he shows the front of the paper to some one, there is no direction as to what is to happen. Members of the House of Commons persist in saying, night after night, that since Mr. HARCOURT's amendment was carried the voter has a right to show how he has voted. This is an assertion quite unfounded, for, as Mr. FORSTER time after time replies, the Bill still contemplates, as much as ever it did, that the front of the paper will not be shown. But if the voter chooses, before folding the paper up, to show it to an agent of one of the candidates, and then folds it up, the presiding officer has no power to prevent the voter putting his paper in the ballot-box and the vote counting. A comparatively simple change in the mechanism of voting would, we have little doubt, obviate the possibility of the paper being improperly shown. But the Government has not introduced any such change, and if the voter is allowed to show his paper and then put it in the box, whatever value the Ballot Bill may have is gone.

#### THE ORLEANIST PARTY.

PARIS has once more asserted its old claim to be called the City of Pamphlets. The preface which M. ÉDOUARD HERVÉ has contributed to M. YRIARTE's *Les Princes d'Orléans* is a more distinct enunciation of Orleanist views than any that has been put forward elsewhere. The contents of this preface have been expounded and defended from time to time in the *Journal de Paris*, but there is a necessary incompleteness about newspaper writing which makes its influence only momentary. M. HERVÉ has condensed the essence of many articles into five-and-twenty small pages, and in them the least instructed Orleanist may learn what it is for his soul's health to believe. France, says M. HERVÉ, has found an instant of repose under a Government personified in a single man, and destined to all appearance to die with him. The higher the estimate formed of M. THIERS is, the clearer it becomes that his peculiar faculties are not likely to reproduce themselves in a successor. This is the justification of Orleanism. The present system is essentially provisional, for it is bound up with the life of an old man. The day cannot be far off when France will have to resume her search after constitutional government. In the eyes of most Frenchmen, the Princes of ORLEANS represent the system which gave France thirty-three years of peace, of prosperity, of industrial and commercial progress, of literary and artistic glory, of legal order and wise liberty. A family which represents this happy interlude in eighty years of anarchy or personal government cannot withdraw itself from observation even if it would. M. HERVÉ acknowledges that in assigning this part to the Princes of ORLEANS the public is not entirely just, for the Restoration may claim the first half of that happy and brilliant period. But the Restoration, by one moment of madness, called down upon France and upon itself the misfortunes which are still running their course; and even before this terrible blunder the Restoration was never popular.

France has so great a dread of seeing the work of the Revolution undone that it suspects everything which is connected with the old order of things. Men who date from a period earlier than 1789 must give unmistakable guarantees of their fidelity to modern ideas before they can hope to conquer French suspicions. Up to this point M. HERVÉ has had a clear field before him. He can urge with perfect truth that the Princes of ORLEANS have given the guarantees which France requires, that they have shown themselves to be modern princes. M. HERVÉ sees, however, that to re-establish the constitutional monarchy on the basis of 1830 would be to condemn the monarchical party to a simultaneous struggle with external foes and internal divisions. French Conservatism needs all the strength that union can give it if it is to save France from destruction. In 1830 the consequences of a schism between the elder and younger branches of the Royal House were not clearly foreseen. To-day it is plain to all men that it was the root of the schism which has made the Conservative party so long powerless in the country. It is impossible, therefore, in essaying the re-establishment of constitutional monarchy to dispense with the Count of CHAMBORD. The public, M. HERVÉ confesses, is inclined to dispense with him. It belongs to the statesmen of the Orleanist party, and, above all, to the Princes of the ORLEANS family, to show themselves in this respect wiser and less shortsighted than the public.

Here, then, to all appearance, M. HERVÉ has landed himself in a dilemma. He has shown that the princes who are to set up monarchy again in France must, above all things, be modern princes. He has shown that among the princes who are to set up monarchy again in France the Count of CHAMBORD must of necessity have the first place. How are these contradictions to be reconciled? M. HERVÉ cannot be charged with any want of courage in the presence of difficulties. He gets out of his dilemma by boldly denying that it is a dilemma. "For myself," he says, "I believe that the Count of CHAMBORD is a modern prince. The conscientious and profound meditations by which he has prepared himself for his vocation must long ago have convinced him that, to guide the destinies of his country and his age, he must be a modern prince. Nothing in the ideas, in the wants, in the aspirations of the France of to-day can be unfamiliar or uninteresting to him." M. HERVÉ's description of the Count of CHAMBORD recalls the language which some Liberal Catholics used to employ concerning the POPE. Long and profound meditation, they said, must by this time have convinced him that, if the Church is to direct modern civilization, it must admit much which it has hitherto denied; PIUS IX. is not indifferent to the aspirations and the needs of the age; he appreciates and can satisfy them all. We know how far this theory was true of the POPE. Long and profound meditation had convinced him that, if the Church wished to guide modern civilization, it must greatly change its tone; and the fruit of this conviction was that, instead of directing modern civilization, he set to work to anathematize it. He proved that he was not indifferent to the aspirations and the needs of the age by making it clear that he abhorred and hated them. The Count of CHAMBORD's dispositions as regards the part of a modern prince seem to be identical with those of the POPE as regards the part of a Church Reformer. He has studied the requirements of the position which M. HERVÉ insists on assigning to him, and he has given notice that he is not prepared to conform to them. M. HERVÉ confesses that some misinterpreted acts and some misunderstood words have created in the minds of the French public an opinion of the Count of CHAMBORD which is far less favourable than that which he has himself formed. But he does not venture to state the grounds which have led him to a different conclusion from that of the world at large; and when so competent an analyst of political manifestoes as M. HERVÉ can devise no gloss which shall harmonize the letter about "My Flag" with modern ideas, we may be allowed to suspect that his belief that the two can be harmonized is not quite unconnected with his wish that they may be. For the real attitude of the Count of CHAMBORD is a matter of the last importance to the new Orleanist party. So long as he lives there can be no union on monarchical principles except on a basis to which he has consented; and without this union there is no hope of any present resurrection for the monarchy. This is the point on which M. HERVÉ's whole argument depends, and unfortunately it is the conspicuously weak link in the chain. It is of no avail that he insists in the latter part of his preface on the value of hereditary monarchy as the natural guardian of political traditions. Before he can hope to restore hereditary monarchy in France he

must get his hereditary monarch, and it is of the essence of hereditary monarchs that they are found for, not by, their subjects.

If the Count of PARIS were now the head of the BOURBONS, instead of being next in succession to the head, M. HERVÉ's reasoning might have great weight with his countrymen. For eighty years, he says, France has been in the condition which finally brought ruin upon Poland. NAPOLEON I., LOUIS PHILIPPE, NAPOLEON III., M. THIERS, have all been elective kings. France has rejected the element which alone can give stability to a monarchy, just as, in her dislike to a strong Second Chamber, she has rejected the element which can alone give stability to a Republic. She will endure neither a dynasty nor a Senate. With a King of such promise as the Count of PARIS, it might be plausibly argued that to found a dynasty is a less difficult business than to construct a Senate. But what hope can there be in the Count of CHAMBORD? Nations will sometimes wait patiently until an unpopular king shall make way for a popular successor, but is there any instance of their electing an unpopular king in order to ensure that a popular king shall succeed him? The existence of the Count of CHAMBORD is as clear an indication as is often given to a party that its time has not yet come. That which letteth must let until it be taken out of the way. The Count of CHAMBORD could not change to any good purpose even if he would. An interested conversion would lose him his old friends and gain him no new ones. Even from a purely selfish point of view, the true policy of the Orleanist party is to wait for his death, rather than to make fruitless efforts to use him in life. He is not the stuff out of which constitutional kings are made; and M. HERVÉ and his friends will only waste their strength if they try to persuade the French nation to regard him in any other light. It is trying, no doubt, to see opportunities slipping away without being able to seize them, but even this is better than to let the greater opportunity slip in an over-hasty attempt to snatch at the lesser. France will soon have to try her hand, for the twelfth time or so, at the making of a Constitution. If the Orleanists can contribute to the establishment of a stable Republic, they will at least have the consolation of knowing that they have given France the second best blessing that she can enjoy; while, if their preference for monarchy is justified by another Republican failure, they will have united by an exhaustive process the whole strength of the Conservative sentiment in favour of the cause they have at heart.

#### THE DEBATE ON LORD HATHERLEY'S BILL.

IF anything could reconcile the mind of a genuine law reformer to the not very satisfactory Bill of the LORD CHANCELLOR for the reform of the Appellate Jurisdiction of the House of Lords and the Privy Council, it would be the still less satisfactory comments of Lord CAIRNS. We may fairly expect from the legal dignitaries who have been promoted to seats in the House of Lords something higher than party taunts and deeper than Nisi Prius criticism. And yet this is all that is to be found in the elaborate speech in which Lord CAIRNS signified the pleasure of the majority of the House of Lords to stifle the project of a Liberal LORD CHANCELLOR. If the Tory champion had pledged himself to the perpetual maintenance of the anomalous jurisdiction exercised by a fluctuating Committee in the name of the House of Lords, we could at least have admired the tenacity of party prejudice. If he had discussed on broad grounds the practicability of establishing a worthier Court of Appeal, we might have listened with respect to the opinions of an ex-Chancellor of some experience and unquestioned ability. But Lord CAIRNS did neither one nor the other of these things. Although every fact on which a judgment can be founded is as well known to him as to thousands of less eminent persons who have matured their views upon the subject, he could hit upon no better device for frustrating a resolution which was as sound in principle as the Bill founded upon it was defective in detail than an idle reference to a Select Committee. Whether the appellate jurisdiction of the House of Lords and of the Privy Council ought to be maintained with or without reform, or whether it is desirable to construct an Appellate Court of higher quality than either of these bodies supplies, are questions on which Lord CAIRNS either has formed no opinion, or else is unwilling to commit himself to a view which might possibly have deprived him of the satisfaction of tearing to pieces the project of a rival law lord. On the main question, the maintenance or the abolition of the existing system of



ultimate appeal, Lord CAIRNS contributed no enlightenment to the House or the country beyond a repetition of the well-worn arguments on the value of which any lawyer of much less than his experience and acuteness ought by this time to have formed a decisive opinion. The House of Lords, he says, is not just now much in arrears with its judicial business. And why? One reason which he did refer to is the satisfactory character of the Intermediate Courts of Appeal, especially in England. Another more potent reason on which he was silent is the monstrous expense of an appeal to the House of Lords. But for this the numbers of appeals would be multiplied tenfold, and it would no longer be possible to boast that the intermittent sittings of the House of Lords sufficed for the work to be done. Nor could this defect be easily remedied, for, as Lord CAIRNS himself observed, it does not follow that ex-Chancellors who give up gratuitously a fraction of their leisure during the Session would be ready to undergo continuous labour during the recess. Another argument of about equal weight was that at the present moment there is a Scotch law lord and also an Irish law lord in the House. If the sufficiency of the tribunal depends on such circumstances as these, it must have been an eminently unsatisfactory Court during more than nine-tenths of the period of its existence. Then for the Judicial Committee all that Lord CAIRNS could find to say was that Lord HATHERLEY had expressed himself satisfied with its present work, although Lord CAIRNS pointedly abstained from intimating any concurrence in the opinion. An *argumentum ad hominem* cast in the teeth of a Lord Chancellor is a poor substitute for grave reasoning on a great constitutional question. Much parade too, was made of the opinions of Mr. ANDERSON and others, that "the lieges of Scotland" are stupid enough to like the House of Lords because it is the House of Lords, better than a tribunal of less dignity and more assured competence and diligence; and the old theory that colonists would not endure an Appellate Court which did not call itself the QUEEN in Council did good service as usual in the debate. In justice, however, to Lord CAIRNS, it must be owned that he did not profess to believe in the arguments which he did not hesitate to employ. As we had anticipated, the Opposition law lord found abundant opportunity for telling criticism in the not very happily drawn measure which the CHANCELLOR had introduced; but there is criticism and criticism, and there is a whole ocean between suggestions intended to improve, and comments the object of which is simply to disparage.

We are compelled to agree with Lord CAIRNS that the grand purpose which Lord HATHERLEY had before him was very ineffectively embodied in the Government Bill. The truth seems to be that, on this as on former occasions, the LORD CHANCELLOR failed from want of political tact. No one has shown a clearer appreciation of the necessity of thoroughness in any large measure of law reform, and yet all his Bills have been marred by a timid compromise in dealing with subjects which must be handled boldly or not at all. His great scheme for the fusion of Law and Equity, or, more correctly speaking, for the absorption of Law in Equity, broke down because he at first proposed to entrust a Committee of Judges, a large majority of whom were hostile to the measure, with the duty of framing the procedure on the shape of which the success or failure of the scheme must depend. So again this year, his purpose of establishing a worthy Appellate Court was frittered away by a vain attempt to retain so much of the existing system as to disarm the opposition of fanatical adversaries. On both of these great subjects which Lord HATHERLEY has taken in hand we cannot doubt that, if he had felt sure of carrying his Bills, he would have introduced measures as sweeping and comprehensive as the most ardent innovators could desire. But he seems to have thought that he could secure success by diluting the ideas which he would gladly have stamped with the authority of law, and the only result has been that he has damped the enthusiasm of his supporters without conciliating his inevitable opponents. The unlucky High Court of Justice Bill was ruined by the large share of quasi-legislative power proposed to be given to the Judges, and the result was that the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE tore it to pieces without mercy. So the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill was deformed by concessions to the worshippers of Peers and Privy Counsellors, and a Tory ex-Chancellor has poured out all his sarcasm on chances the only object of which seems to have been to avoid ruffling the prejudices of the Tory party. Whether in either case a less timid policy would have been more successful it is hard to say, but Lord HATHERLEY would have retired from the contest with more dignity and reputation if he had failed

in a vigorous effort to carry in their integrity the comprehensive reforms of which only a distorted image could be traced in the Bills which he introduced.

On most of the details to which Lord CAIRNS objected in the Appellate Jurisdiction Bill we have already expressed an opinion not very widely removed from his, and we are bound to admit that his criticisms, though on some points petty enough, were on many others as just as they were forcible. But a very defective Bill may be easily amended if its principle is sound, and the animus of the opposition was made only too plain by the determination that the Select Committee should be a substitute for the Bill, and not, as it might have been, a means of putting it into working shape. Even the sections which met Lord CAIRNS's approval supplied food for hostile comment. Last Session the Government made an unfortunate blunder in fixing the salaries of Judges on the Judicial Committee too low to command the services of those whose acceptance of the office was most desired. This year they have seen and corrected the error by making a more liberal offer, and Lord CAIRNS points out that the result will be to pay the higher salary without having secured the services of the men who were considered most eligible for the office. "Farsimony tempered by prodigality" is a good enough taunt, and generosity is not a necessary element in a party speech; otherwise it might have occurred to an ex-Chancellor that it was scarcely worth while to revive a discussion which had been long since thrashed out with an adequate yield of triumph to the Opposition. The suggestion that the Appellate Bill might be meant as a prelude to the more sweeping measure over which Mr. GLADSTONE thinks it necessary to think once, twice, or thrice, would have been appropriate, and perhaps legitimate, on the hustings; but one cannot but regret that, in discussing so grave a subject as the constitution of the ultimate Court of Appeal, the luminaries of the law should think more of coining a few telling sarcasms than of guiding the opinion of the country, which is fast settling down without their assistance to a conviction which will in due time become irresistible.

#### A NEW REFORM BILL THREATENED.

WHEN Mr. DISRAELI sold the pass for two years' tenure of office, only sanguine and inexperienced politicians ventured to assume that the era of Parliamentary Reform Bills was closed. The previous agitation had been too profitable to its promoters not to encourage future imitators. Lord JOHN RUSSELL began to discover the necessity of a second Reform Bill as soon as the popularity acquired by the first had been finally exhausted, and afterwards Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. DISRAELI began to bid against one another for power and office by lowering the franchise as at a Dutch auction. It might perhaps have been hoped that, like the Hebrew territory in occasional intervals between border wars, the land would be allowed to rest for at least seven years; but when Mr. GLADSTONE thought fit suddenly to adopt the Ballot, he justified his conversion by an announcement that universal suffrage was imminent, and on the whole expedient; nor can it be collected from his answer to Mr. TREVELYAN that he has since altered his opinion. The pretence of logical necessity is the worst possible excuse for great political changes; and when the process of demonstration is regulated by the convolutions of ingenious and sophistical intellects, the substitution of verbal deductions for the exercise of practical sagacity is untrustworthy and generally mischievous. Mr. WALTER has applied Mr. GLADSTONE's mode of reasoning to the same effect, though in an opposite direction. Instead of extemporizing the doctrine of promiscuous suffrage to account for advocacy of the Ballot, Mr. WALTER thinks that the evils of the Ballot render the concession of votes to farm-labourers necessary rather as an accompaniment than as a corrective. Under the proposed system of secret voting the small boroughs are to become hopelessly corrupt; and the consequent redistribution of seats will, by some unexplained tendency, result in the concession of household suffrage to the counties. Equally inconclusive is the argument that in East Retford and Shoreham the extension of boroughs has already established household suffrage in rural districts which are indistinguishable from little counties. It is doubtful whether the franchise is not already too uniform; and the electoral anomalies which have survived successive Reform Bills are a better protection to minorities than any newfangled device of proportional representation. If monotony is indispensable it would be easier to abolish the exceptions than to modify the normal system.

Mr. TREVELYAN displays an ingenuous simplicity in his

belief that a new Reform Bill can be discussed without reference to the opinions of parties. It is not to strengthen the democratic interest that he proposes to swamp in their own constituencies the landlords and farmers who at present return county members. Mr. TREVELYAN's objects are practical and social rather than strictly political, for he only wishes that the labourers should inform Parliament through their representatives of their own grievances and aspirations. Himself a zealous supporter of Mr. MIALI, as well as of other assailants of established institutions, Mr. TREVELYAN professes not to be quite certain whether the question of Church Establishments will be fully understood until the agricultural labourer is consulted on the comparative advantages of endowment and of the voluntary system. Like a fowler spreading his nets in the full sight of birds whom he must regard as the stupidest denizens of the air, the advocate of an extended suffrage almost undertakes to be converted to the cause of Establishments if the ploughman should prove to be the ally of the parson. It is uniformly found that an agitation which affects to be independent of sects and parties is conducted by the most exclusive of factions. With the exception of theorists who, like Mr. WALTER, are bent on reducing the Ballot to an absurdity, the friends of household suffrage in counties are zealous supporters of democracy. The farm-labourer, indeed, is not at present one of themselves; but their emissaries are already busy in promoting agricultural strikes in different counties; and they may reasonably expect that the class of the community which possesses the smallest amount of intellectual cultivation will be the most ready to listen to political demagogues. It is perfectly true that, as Mr. FAWCETT observed, the farm-labourer is greatly calumniated by his friends, and that he exercises in his own craft faculties of observation and contrivance which in themselves indicate a certain education; but he has not been taught to reason and theorize; and it would be easy to persuade him that he is the victim of unsuspected oppression. When the Jacobins of the London Clubs propose to an urban rabble the expropriation of landowners, they address an audience which knows nothing of rural economy. The labourer would attend with a better instructed cupidity to the lessons of agrarian reformers. With longer experience Mr. TREVELYAN will learn that political power is not invariably applied to the redress of legitimate grievances. It may indeed be doubted whether his zeal for the extension of the suffrage would not be cooled if it were discovered that the farm labourers formed, after all, the Conservative stratum to which Mr. DISRAELI failed to penetrate. Unluckily, Mr. TREVELYAN and his friends are perfectly justified in their belief that the extension of household suffrage to counties would largely increase the ranks of their supporters.

Mr. FAWCETT, preferring as usual sound principle to the exigencies of party, took occasion to protest against the faggot votes by which the inhabitants of towns are partially enabled to control or influence the representation of certain counties. Mr. COBDEN, whom the editor of his pamphlets declares to have been infallible, was the most zealous advocate of the system of faggot votes; and immediately after the abolition of the Corn Laws he recommended his followers to concentrate their entire energies on the purchase of shares in freehold houses, for the purpose of outvoting the landlords and farmers in their own counties. The scheme, in common with the great majority of Mr. COBDEN's projects, proved abortive; and perhaps Mr. FAWCETT wasted his disapproval on a system which has thus far been almost innocuous. The present county electors have much more to fear from household suffrage than from faggot votes. Parliamentary Reformers almost always forget or suppress the obvious proposition that in the readjustment of a representative system what is given to one section of the community must be taken from another. In every county those who are at present excluded from the suffrage would, if they were enfranchised, form a majority; and if the new electors, under the guidance of demagogues, thought fit to combine against their employers, the present electors would be absolutely excluded from all political influence. The sycophants of the enlightened working men of the towns would not hesitate to cultivate a similar enthusiasm for any voters who had political power to offer them in exchange. In spite of Mr. TREVELYAN's sincere disclaimer, the agitation to which he has now devoted himself tends exclusively to the benefit of the extreme party with which he has cast in his fortunes.

Mr. GLADSTONE had no choice but to oppose for the moment a proposal for a new electoral revolution; but, as usual, he was careful to explain that on a fit occasion he would not be unwilling once more to revise the Constitution. The rapid

collapse of their popularity has not yet convinced the Ministers that it is impolitic to disquiet all classes by vague menaces and threats of change. Mr. MIALI was last year courteously reminded by Mr. BRUCE that he is not yet backed by a sufficiently formidable agitation; and Mr. GOSCHEN, with the approval of his leader, periodically threatens the landowners with a revision to their detriment of local taxation. The publicans have had sufficient influence to make their resentment felt; but other classes are equally desirous of being allowed to pursue their ordinary avocations in peace. It is not the business of a chief Minister to confirm on every occasion the suspicion that he takes nothing for granted, and allows nothing to be permanently settled. Mr. GLADSTONE undertook last autumn to think twice or thrice before he destroyed the House of Lords; and if Mr. TREVELYAN brings forward two or three annual motions for household suffrage in counties, the actual electors may perhaps find themselves practically disfranchised with even less hesitation on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE. It is not improbable that, while they are still capable of exercising electoral power, they will intimate their opinion of Mr. TREVELYAN's proposal, and of Mr. GLADSTONE's wavering professions, by returning Conservative members. It is only the most thoughtful and dispassionate politicians who appreciate the advantage of keeping in office a statesman who, if he found himself in opposition, would perhaps become a revolutionary leader. The Ballot will in some counties diminish the influence of landlords; but the effect of secret voting may perhaps be counteracted by the alarm of farmers who are threatened with the future supremacy of their own workmen.

#### THE LICENSING BILL.

IT appears probable that by an exercise of reason and moderation a Licensing Bill may be passed during the present Session. If it be possible to satisfy the public and the publicans, the fanatics may safely be neglected. The hours of opening and closing liquor-shops must be fixed with reference to the convenience of buyers; and if that is properly considered, the sellers will have no ground, and we believe no desire, to complain. A tradesman cannot afford to shut his shop when other shops are open, but he might be willing, or even anxious, that the hours of business should be generally abridged. As Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill stands at present, "on 'Sunday' licensed premises shall be closed from ten or eleven o'clock P.M. to seven o'clock on Monday morning. This, however, is merely an example of the slovenly way in which important Bills are drawn. It is beyond the power of Parliament to extend Sunday into Monday morning. We can of course discover the meaning which the draftsman has not taken the trouble to express. Within four miles of Charing Cross the hour of closing is to be on Sundays eleven P.M., and on weekdays twelve P.M. Beyond that circle the hour of closing is to be on Sundays ten P.M., and on weekdays eleven P.M. The hour of opening is to be throughout the metropolitan district, to which for the present we confine our attention, seven A.M. It is obvious to inquire how the arrangement as to closing will affect visitors to theatres and other places of amusement. The upper class of theatres finish their performances, as a rule, earlier than they used to do. This has arisen partly from the necessity which many persons are under of quitting the theatre in time to catch a homeward train on one of the suburban lines of railway, and partly perhaps from a feeling, which formerly did not seem to exist, that it is possible to have too much for your money. If it is undesirable, as we think it is, to stimulate drinking in theatres, there must be opportunities to drink outside, and therefore the liquor-shops must in general remain open for at least half an hour after the performances have finished. As all the theatres which we can call to mind are within four miles of Charing Cross, the frequenters of all of them would have equal opportunity of obtaining drink; and if there are any theatres beyond this limit, they would take no harm by opening and closing at hours earlier than have become habitual in the Strand. Almost all other amusements finish earlier than the theatres, and a public meeting, which usually begins at eight o'clock, cannot by any oratorical power be kept alive after half-past ten. As regards business which has to be done at night, we doubt whether the cutting off an hour from the time within which drink may be procured would make much difference. Those who are at work at twelve P.M. are likely to be at work also at one or two A.M. It is obvious that, as regards certain trades, the power which the Bill gives to the local authority of granting to the houses which supply them with refreshment



exemptions from the rules of closing would have to be freely exercised. With this reservation, it might not be inconvenient to close one hour earlier at night, but we doubt whether it is desirable to make the hour of opening in the morning later than it is at present. It is hardly worth while to establish a rule which would require almost innumerable exceptions. We observe that the Committee of Licensed Victuallers have suggested to Lord KIMBERLEY that the hour of opening should be five o'clock, and not seven, as proposed by the Bill, upon the ground that "the vast number of workmen who commence their labour earlier than seven o'clock in the morning will otherwise be deprived of all breakfast accommodation in a public-house." As regards the hours of closing, the Committee suggest that the same provisions should be adopted for the provincial towns as are made in the Bill for the metropolis; and we infer that, as regards the metropolis, the Committee accept the Bill, although they would prefer that the hour of closing should be uniform without regard to distance from Charing Cross. They also appear to accept the further restriction which is proposed for Sunday; and if the publicans desire to close their houses, we should be reluctant to propose on the part of the public that they should be kept open. The "*bonâ fide* traveller," who is well known in Westminster Hall, will continue to enjoy his privileges under this Bill; which moreover allows considerable latitude in the sale of drink at railway stations. Besides the Committee of Licensed Victuallers, two different Associations of Brewers have met to consider the Bill, and one of them had an interview with Lord KIMBERLEY which appears not to have been altogether unsatisfactory. Some of the objections taken to the Bill have been met by concessions, and others can hardly be considered vitally important. Neither brewers nor licensed victuallers are likely to commit the folly of rejecting this Bill because it is not exactly what they would themselves have drawn. They will accept any tolerable settlement rather than allow the question to remain open another year.

There is a clause in the Bill providing that in the case of a licence to sell intoxicating liquor not to be drunk on the premises, if a person buys liquor and drinks it on the premises, or on a highway adjoining or near such premises, the seller shall be liable to a penalty, "unless he proves that such drinking was without his privity or consent." We think this clause bears out the complaint of the deputations against the severity of the penal enactments of the Bill. A person comes to buy beer for the dinner or supper of himself or his family, and on his way home with it he is tempted to take a pull at the tankard before its first freshness has passed away. If he does this near the place of sale, the seller may be brought before a magistrate and fined 10*l.*, unless he "proves" that he was not privy or consenting to the buyer's act of tasting his beer before he reached his home. It appears to our understanding impossible to prove the negative of privity or consent, except by the evidence of the defendant, which, as this would be a criminal proceeding, he would be incompetent to give. Thus the buyer's hasty and harmless act of taking a sip of beer out of a pot on the way home may subject the seller of the beer to a prosecution, against which there could be no defence. Besides the fine, which a sensible magistrate might mitigate, the conviction must be endorsed on the licence, and three such endorsements cause the licence to be forfeited. It will be found that the Act under which these licences for sale of liquor not to be drunk on the premises are granted contains a carefully framed provision against evasion, which has been by another Act carefully amended. But the old-fashioned notion that, if a thing is worth doing, it is worth doing well, seems to have been exploded by the draftsmen of recent Bills in Parliament. It is remarkable that, although the Bill does not profess to consolidate existing law, this provision against evasion has been copied into it from previous Acts. But if the draftsman takes thus much, he ought to take a great deal more. It becomes obvious, as soon as attention is directed to the above-mentioned clause of the Bill, that it cannot stand. Even the debates on the Ballot Bill have disclosed no absurdity so great as imposing a fine upon a man because he cannot prove by evidence other than his own oath that another person's act was done without his consent. Of course, if the unfortunate beer-seller cannot pay the fine, he must go to prison—that is, if there happens to be a vacant place in any prison to which he may be sent, which the disposition of some legislators might render doubtful. We observe that in another clause the draftsman, with a sudden assumption of accuracy which is consistent with essential carelessness, has provided that if

a licensed person is convicted of permitting his premises "to become or to be" a brothel, he shall be fined. It is difficult to see how a house can be a brothel without becoming one, or *vice versa*. In another clause a constable is empowered to demand the name and address of any person found on licensed premises during certain hours, and if he supposes the name and address to be false, "he may require evidence of its correctness." This clause would convert every constable into a statutory DOGBERRY. It is impossible to conjecture what is here meant by "evidence." The statement of the suspected person would be useless, because the constable has made up his mind to disbelieve it, and if he were a "*bonâ fide* traveller," who would have a right to be where he was found, he would almost inevitably be without "evidence," and liable to be taken as a prisoner before a magistrate.

We think that the Government has done wisely in bringing in a Bill merely embodying such alterations of the law as they deem necessary, and not attempting at the same moment to consolidate the whole law of licensing. Next year the Acts as to beer-houses passed in 1869 and 1870 will expire, and that may be a convenient time for the necessary work of consolidation. By doing one thing at a time there may be some chance of doing it well, whereas amid the excited discussion of principles it is inevitable that details should be thrown into inextricable confusion. But if the Bill is merely designed to alter the law, it is unnecessary to introduce into it any provision of an Act which the Bill does not repeal. We have already referred to one such superfluous clause. The Bill of Mr. BRUCE of last year and that of Sir H. SELWYN-IBBETSON of this year would supersede the existing law of licensing by one comprehensive enactment. It has been remarked by a master of political satire that comprehensive measures are not always comprehensible. Supposing that Lord KIMBERLEY's Bill, with necessary amendments, should pass this year, the task of consolidation may be undertaken next year with the advantage of a year's experience of its working. If magistrates do their duty under it, the rival interests of freedom and sobriety will perhaps not be found wholly incompatible, and even the eloquence of the Bishop of PETERBOROUGH may fail to demonstrate that they need any help from ratepayers.

#### THE OPPOSITION AND MR. FAWCETT'S BILL.

THE charge of inconsistency which has been brought against Mr. FAWCETT because he did not abandon his Bill as soon as he found that the Opposition, or a part of it, was likely to vote for it, shows a curious ignorance of the rudiments of party morality. On Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN's theory, St. PAUL ought to have reconsidered his position as a preacher of Christianity on finding that he had almost persuaded AGRIPPA to be a Christian. Political controversy should be conducted on the principle of a perpetual see-saw. The conversion of your adversary to your views ought to be the signal for rattling from your own. The politicians who criticize Mr. FAWCETT in this spirit are for the most part the same men that condemned the Government for not reversing their educational policy when they discovered that it was agreeable to the Conservatives. These gentlemen treat measures as a bill-discounter treats bills. All they care to look at is what names are on the back of them. So long as the cheers and groans come from the right throats, they do not trouble themselves about what it is that calls them forth. It is not pretended that Mr. FAWCETT has shaped his Bill so as to catch Conservative votes; all that is alleged against him is that he did not reject Conservative votes as soon as it seemed probable that they would be offered him. If the Opposition had supported Mr. GLADSTONE on the Irish education question as they supported Mr. FORSTER on the English education question, Mr. FAWCETT would have been praised below the gangway for his bold enunciation of Liberal principles against the temporizing policy of the Government. In this case the censure has fallen on the wrong head. Mr. FAWCETT is a thoroughgoing Secularist, and as it is quite certain that the Irish people will not in their present state of mind put up with Secularism of their own free will, he is anxious to apply as much pressure as may be needed to overcome their resistance. In the prosecution of this enterprise he is naturally and properly willing to take whatever help he can get. The man who advocates Secularism is for the time being a Secularist, and Mr. FAWCETT rightly thinks that this all-important fact is not affected by the fact that on other points his new allies call themselves Conservatives. But though Mr. FAWCETT may consistently and honourably accept the aid of the Opposition in getting his Bill passed,

what shall be said of the Opposition which is willing to aid him in passing it? Of late years the course of events has given the Conservative policy a more than usually ecclesiastical character. Accidents often determine what an Opposition shall oppose, and in this case the deciding influence has been found in the hostility of extreme Liberals to the support of religion by the State, in however indirect a manner, together with their consequent desire to dissociate from religion any system of education that is even in part maintained by public money. Upon no subject has Conservative eloquence taken a more edifying tone than upon the indissoluble connexion that should subsist between religion and education. Whether the higher education has been under discussion, as in the debates on the University Tests Act, or elementary education, as in the debates before and since the passing of the Education Act, it has been assumed as a truth which would be disputed only by impious Radicals that religious and secular teaching should go hand in hand. The Opposition did its best to retain Oxford and Cambridge as Church of England Universities, and when it was beaten on this point it made a vigorous effort to retain them as exclusively Christian Universities. As regards the Elementary Education Act, the Opposition has made common cause with Roman Catholics and some sections of Protestant Dissenters in insisting on the Denominational system being placed in all respects on a level with the secular system. If ever party policy was marked out by party antecedents, the policy of the Conservatives as regards Mr. FAWCETT's Bill was so marked out. The whole tendency of Conservative speeches in and out of Parliament has been in favour of Denominationalism as opposed to Secularism. In this respect the Irish people are altogether at one with them. Both have professed to accept Denominationalism as the best substitute for that exclusive recognition of their own special religion which they admit to be now unattainable.

Mr. FAWCETT proposes to do for the University of Dublin what the University Tests Act did for the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. So much the Opposition might perhaps have assented to from love of symmetry or from a conviction that resistance would be useless. But Mr. FAWCETT's Bill does a great deal more than this. It takes up the whole question of University education in Ireland, and settles it in a Secularist sense. To conceive anything like a parallel in England to the scheme which Mr. FAWCETT wishes to see established in Ireland, we must suppose that the great majority of the people of England had been keenly anxious to have some provision made for the maintenance of Denominational teaching at Oxford and Cambridge, and that Mr. TREVELYAN, reinforced by a large contingent of Irishmen and Scotchmen, had insisted on taking the question out of the hands of the Government, and forcing the Secularist solution upon the nation. This is precisely what is now happening, or at least is talked of as likely to happen, in the case of Ireland, with the startling difference that the contingent which is to reinforce Mr. FAWCETT consists of English Conservatives who have hitherto proclaimed themselves fast friends of religious education. It would be hard to find in political history an abnegation of principle at once so complete and so wanton. If the sudden conversion of the Conservative party to a democratic Reform Bill was more striking in its incidents, and more important in its results, it must be remembered that to a great number of men political questions are not really matters of right and wrong. They are content to leave the decision of them to others, and to desert their leaders would seem to them a more immoral act than to follow their leaders in the desertion of their principles. But in matters of religion and morality men claim to think for themselves, and the Conservatives are never tired of proclaiming that the conflict between Secularism and Denominationalism is a matter of religion and morality. It is to be hoped that such of them as intend to vote with Mr. FAWCETT will take the trouble to explain how a connexion which is indissoluble on one side of St. George's Channel can be dissoluble on the other; how the same men can be Denominationalists in England and Secularists in Ireland. Perhaps, indeed, the support of Mr. FAWCETT is meant to be the prelude to a similar conversion to the cause of Messrs. DIXON and CANDLISH. There would be the same reward in both cases—the consciousness of having embarrassed the Government. Upon this point, however, the alliance with the Anglican clergy will probably keep the party straight. As regards Ireland, the Conservatives are under no such sobering influence. The Irish clergy, so far at all events as they are represented by the authorities of Trinity College, seem to be perfectly ready to

turn Secularists, provided that they can thereby exclude their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen from a share in University endowments. Dishing the Papists is to an Irish Protestant what dishing the Whigs was to the late Lord DERBY.

The position of Mr. FAWCETT and his friends upon this question is, in its way and for different reasons, as illogical as the position of the Conservatives will be if they make up their minds to vote for his Bill. The promoters of the measure have hitherto been content to shirk the argument brought forward by Mr. JOHN MORLEY, in a recent letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. As a Liberal, Mr. MORLEY is advanced enough for anybody, and it is in the character of an advanced Liberal that he challenges Mr. FAWCETT's proposal to legislate for Ireland in a manner diametrically opposed to the wishes of the Irish people. "In politics," Mr. MORLEY says, "you have to strike a balance between their respective advantages when two of your principles clash. The aiding of Denominational teaching by the State seems to me a thoroughly bad thing, but making laws for one nation only to please another seems infinitely worse." Mr. FAWCETT wishes to do for Irishmen in the matter of University education what NAPOLEON III. did for Frenchmen in the matter of commercial freedom—to give them what he thinks good for them, not what they think good for themselves. If this policy is recognized as sound Liberalism, we ought at least to send an apology to Chislehurst for the censures which we have been accustomed to pass on the Empire because its maxim was government for the people, not by the people. If all English Liberals took Mr. FAWCETT's view, the argument for Home Rule would become morally irresistible.

#### MAY MEETINGS.

IT is curious, after all the epigrams and philosophical reflections that have been made upon the subject, to observe how impassable are the invisible barriers by which one part of mankind is cut off from another. It is still more curious, in spite of an equal number of commonplaces, to see how each fragment mistakes itself for the universe or for the pattern on which the universe should, properly speaking, have been modelled. For poor King Alfonso only said a little more frankly what we all of us think, and there can be no doubt that if any of us had been consulted at the creation of the world, its arrangements would have been materially different. Taking up, for example, the newspaper which professes to reflect most accurately the various tastes of the British middle classes, we find two articles side by side; one of them is a bit of rhetoric about Newmarket, and the other about the May Meetings. One section of humanity has been nervously considering for months whether Prince Charlie could run a mile faster than Cremorne; the other has been watching with almost equal keenness to know how many Jews or negroes have abandoned their errors to be gathered into the Protestant fold. Each of these little fragments of the race looks down with supreme contempt upon all the others. The true sporting man considers that a person who hardly knows a horse from a donkey, and is profoundly ignorant of the state of the odds, is little better than a fool. He does not indeed condemn such wretches to any punishment in the next world; probably he holds that they are sufficiently punished in this by their incapacity to taste the only pleasure worthy of a rational being. Man is to him distinguished from the brutes as a betting animal, and the ideal sometimes set forth by enthusiasts of this class is one in which every member of society, from the prince to the peasant, is prepared to back his opinion according to his means. The world should be one vast Yorkshire; and, as in the conventional accounts of Arabia, a horse of the purest race should be an inmate of every household. The class which frequents May Meetings is to him personified by Stiggins, and is simply a mass of unctuous and tyrannical hypocrisy. Such feelings, it need hardly be said, are repaid in kind, and indeed with interest. Exeter Hall has more vigorous denunciations at its command than Newmarket. We need not dwell upon the fate which, in its opinion, is reserved for the unfortunate votaries of the Turf. If the complacency with which a man regards his own character is fairly measured by the depth to which all other persons have sunk in his estimation, there can be no doubt that the fanatic has by far the pleasantest view of life; for surely nothing can be more flattering to one's self-esteem than to hold as an undoubted truth that all who do not agree with you are on the road to perdition. And, indeed, if we were compelled to decide upon one of these two ideals being adopted as the pattern on which the whole world should be modelled, we should feel ourselves in candour bound to adopt the scheme of Exeter Hall. The betting-man of the present day, whatever charm he may succeed in throwing over his pursuits, is not a pleasant phenomenon when you come to look into him closely. A world of gamblers would be a more detestable place of habitation than a world of fanatics. And yet, if we may venture for a short time to contemplate the latter alternative, it must be admitted that the prospect is not encouraging. We sometimes wonder, though after all the wonder is unnecessary, whether even Lord Shaftesbury



and his fellow-believers could really look forward with pleasure to the day whose advent they profess to anticipate with ecstasy, in which the whole world shall be even as they are. The wonder, we say, is unnecessary; for we have no reason to doubt the perfect sincerity of the leaders of the persuasion, nor, when we consider the state of cultivation which they appear to have attained, is it necessary to suppose that they are men capable of understanding the objections to having all human beings drilled after their system. When Mr. Spurgeon travels on the Continent, he appears to accept, with the most unsuspecting faith, that chain of reasoning which is popular with so many people. You, he says, addressing the Pope of Rome or a German Professor, mentally differ from me. Therefore you are wrong. Being wrong, it is quite certain that you are a fool, and highly probable that you will be damned. In one form or other, as it is scarcely necessary to remark, a very similar set of opinions is entertained by persons of much greater pretensions to culture than Mr. Spurgeon. Intense dogmatism is by no means confined to any stage of opinion. The man of science who contemptuously repudiates every tinge of theological belief is very often just as great a dogmatist as the bitterest Ultramontane. But the peculiarity of the Exeter Hall form of dogmatism is its combination with an unusual depth of ignorance and intellectual indifference. It has not even affected to consider other forms of opinion, but has been content to treat them as simply non-existent; which explains, amongst other things, the curious rapidity of conversion sometimes to be observed among men of this type, when by some means or other the existence of a new world of thought and sentiment has been suddenly forced upon them. They are like men born blind who have received what is to them an entirely new faculty.

No man is altogether emancipated from an old form of belief until he has fairly looked at it and done justice to the excellences to which its power over men's minds has been due, as well as observed its defects. Now, as a rule, the disciple of Exeter Hall is simply unaware that there is any element in human nature which does not find full satisfaction in his creed. Certain instincts seem never to have come to life in him at all. If we take up, for example, at random the reports of recent meetings, we come upon such bits of eloquence as this. A gentleman at the "Lord's Day Observance Society" regretted to say that "in some of the London churches the Fourth Commandment was displaced by pretty ornaments, and he hoped the Legislature would aid the parishioners in putting an end to a state of things in which God's decrees were sacrificed to taste." The next speaker complained that the Town Council of Birmingham had "determined to open the Arts Museum on the Lord's Day," and he was afraid that the example would be followed elsewhere. We do not quite understand in what sense the Fourth Commandment was "replaced by pretty ornaments," but the mental attitude of the speakers is sufficiently obvious. It had never even entered into their minds to imagine that art can possibly be brought into alliance with religious sentiment. They consider, with a very large part of the British public, that a picture gallery is on a level with a peep-show, and is an intrinsically frivolous entertainment got up chiefly in the interests of the publicans. A stroll through a gallery is an excellent means of acquiring an appetite for a glass of beer, and on the whole partakes of the wickedness of all purely secular entertainments. A person with an immortal soul ought to be above looking at "pretty ornaments"; and, moreover, which is unfortunately an equally characteristic inference, he should not be content with keeping them out of his own particular chapel, but should invoke the aid of Parliament to put them down elsewhere. The speaker obviously did not think, as persons of more cultivation may do, that the particular form of art which finds favour with the High Church party is specially childish; but he regards art in general as fit only for light-minded and worldly people. He would be just as ready to condemn the most spiritual art of mediæval times as the last new bit of dilettante antiquarianism. The bare notion that any form of art, except that which is involved in roaring out a revival hymn, can be admissible into religious services is altogether abhorrent to him. He would as soon expect his pastor to interrupt the service by a song fresh from the music-halls as to make any profane concessions to the sense of the beautiful. A man in such a temper of mind is of course utterly unable to comprehend the repugnance with which cultivated people would regard the extension of the puritanical Sabbath to the whole world. He has not the power of conceiving that there is anything in it which jars upon religious feeling, or to perceive why, to any of the Continental races, it would seem like a proposal to put out the sun once a week. He never shrinks from the conclusion that, if he is right, the great majority of the world must be hopelessly given over to the powers of evil, as, indeed, that is an essential part of his creed. And he therefore complacently sets down all such expressions of opinion as, for example, this article, to the inextinguishable antipathy which exists between the children of light and the children of darkness. His own religion is absolutely true and universally comprehensive. A gentleman to whom a half-converted Jew once applied for a little pecuniary assistance during the period of reflection, replied by asking for what possible reason he could think of giving up so ancient and highly respectable a creed? A man who had the good fortune to be a member of so ancient a persuasion ought to adhere to it, in preference to any newfangled creed which might have the advantage of being a little truer. No doubt this was pushing toleration to extremes. But, at any rate, it implied some

recognition of the fact that there are elements of truth and beauty in many different opinions, and that if we could crush them all out summarily in favour of one we might lose more than we should gain. That is the theory which our fanatical friends are wholly unable to conceive; and they fancy that the world would lose nothing if all its inhabitants, from the Roman Catholic to the Hindoo, could to-morrow put on suits of dingy black and begin to sing Dissenting hymns through their noses.

And yet we should be falling into the narrowness which we condemn if we failed to recognize what there is of elevating, and we might almost say of sublime, in this narrow fanaticism. The servant-maids and shopkeepers who have been saving up pence in order to have a ten-thousandth part of the glory of making a Jew rather more like one of themselves, have been directed to an ideal which may not be very glorious, but which at any rate raises them a little out of the purely material selfishness in which they are condemned to live. The missionary reports are not very exhilarating documents, as a rule, to intelligent readers; but they are the means of keeping alive a certain amount of imaginative interest in the affairs of the world at large, which is better than pure indifference. Even the narrow fanaticism and prejudice represent a great force in society which, like other great forces, deserves something better than simple contempt. The best qualities of Englishmen are very closely connected with a certain pig-headed unreasonableness which is disagreeable enough, but not exactly despicable. A man with a profound conviction that he is going to heaven, and that nobody else will get there by any other road than his, is apt to shock our prejudices; but we cannot refuse to him a certain kind of esteem. We may ardently wish that he would be a little more refined, and lifted out of the very narrow groove in which he is confined; but we should be sorry to lose the element of sturdy independence and adherence to principle which he represents in the national character.

#### POST-CARDS.

NO doubt there are very good reasons why the post-card has turned out a great success. In the first place, there are a number of indolent people in the world who are very glad to be saved the trouble of folding a letter and putting a stamp on an envelope. There are an equal number of awkward people who never could find the right-sized envelope, or remember where they had laid the stamps. A few economists, no doubt, feel a savage sort of satisfaction in the saving of a halfpenny. Then too there is the host of fussy people, the people who must be talking, and who never can keep their fingers off pen and paper. It is an immense relief for people who have nothing to say, to seize a post-card and say it. A letter, however short, implied some sort of moral responsibility, and afforded some sort of guarantee against pure meaningless chatter. A mere note had to observe some sort of grammar, and to aim at an appearance of sense. There were a few lingering traditions, too, which prevented correspondence from sinking into an incessant epistolary peashooting. But the post-card has to make its own traditions, and for the time the idlers and the fussy folk have it all their own way. One may scribble a post-card while lounging for a few minutes after breakfast, or waiting to see whether the morning turns out a sunny one; one may pencil a post-card on a shop-counter, or drop one into the letter-box at a railway station. The fussy man has hardly bidden you good-bye, before a post-card arrives to tell you something which he had forgotten to observe. You flatter yourself you have shaken the busybody off, but he button-holes you again through the post-office. A thousand purposeless inquiries are littered over one's table, and each is followed up by fresh postage-cards with the mystic "R.S.V.P." But even the inquiries are better than the mere gabble of "What a pleasant morning!" or the feeble joke which is thought good enough for a halfpenny card. It is not, however, the idle folk or the awkward folk or the fussy folk only who exult in post-cards. This is an age of hurry, and the post-card is the perfect expression of the age. The old courtesies of society—its ceremonious bow, its well-turned compliments, its refinement of address and demeanour—have all vanished with the leisure which produced them. Nobody has time to play Sir Charles Grandison in the crush of a modern drawing-room, where intercourse is reduced to a passing bow, and conversation to a friendly epigram. The artist sends pot-boilers to the Academy, and "wishes he had time" for nobler work. The very scholar rushes for sheer life through pamphlets and octavos, and dismisses his dusty folios to the garret. We have discarded hour-glasses from our pulpits, and cut down the sermon to twenty minutes. Our very holidays are a race against time, and the tourist returns triumphant at having done Syria and the Pyramids in a month. The post-card is the fitting correspondence of an age like this—of a world which believes itself too busy to put a sheet of paper into an envelope. We are proud of it, as we are proud of our express trains and our telegraphs. It helps us to hug ourselves on the whirl in which we live, and the wonderful way in which we manage to live in it.

We are not so Quixotic as to plead against "progress," or the pride which our age feels in the consciousness that, like John Brown's soul, it is always "marching on"; but it must be owned that in the case of the post-card we have a few losses to set off against our gains. We can hardly open an old drawer, or look over a bundle of our grandmother's correspondence, without a

suspicion that the post-card can hardly be regarded as the climax of the art of letter-writing. No doubt it is the completion of a process which has been going on for a long time before. Our grandmothers' letters were very serious matters. The heavy postage seemed to necessitate a corresponding amount of thought and correctness in the composition of them. They were written at long intervals, and for the most part on distinct occasions and with a special purpose. Their length and the very shape of the paper on which they were written gave them a sort of literary impress. To write, in fact, such letters as our fathers used to receive in their early days required not a little literary skill. To acquire this skill, to be a good letter-writer, was one of the chief aims of the higher education of the time, and there can be no doubt that a high standard of excellence was pretty generally attained. It is unfair, perhaps, to cite as specimens of average correspondence such letters as those which are familiar to every reader in the novels of the last century—in *Clarissa*, for instance, or *Evelina*; although the very form which these novels assume, and the fact that no novelist of to-day is able to manage it, prove clearly enough that the notion of good letter-writing was familiar enough then, and has become pretty strange to us nowadays. But any bundle of old letters which we turn out of a drawer is enough to convince us that a high standard of composition had been reached by the bulk of intelligent and educated people. Even in the commonest instances we find a certain dignified grace and propriety of tone, a fair notion of narrative, some care for phraseology and style, little touches of humour and well-bred wit. Correspondence, in fact, a hundred years ago was an almost universal means of self-education, and the loss of culture which has resulted from the practical abandonment of it is probably more serious than we at first sight suppose. Letter-writing, it must be remembered, is the only form of literary production which can ever be accessible to the mass of men and women. Few persons in any age are likely to write books or State papers. But every one writes letters, and people's literary taste, their appreciation and enjoyment of the various qualities which make up literary style, will pretty much depend on the letters they write. The cultivation of Latin verse and Latin prose at schools has been justly defended on the ground, not that it made Ovids and Ciceros out of average schoolboys, but that it enabled the average schoolboy to enter in some degree into the excellences of Ovid and Cicero. And even if the long letters of the last century failed in enabling every correspondent to rival the vivacity of Miss Burney or the ease of Richardson, they probably did a good deal in enabling their writers to feel the excellences of either. There is high authority, indeed, for believing that amongst the letter-writers themselves practice, as the old saw runs, had done a good deal towards "making perfect." If we remember rightly, it is in his essay on "Style" that De Quincey asks himself the question where he remembered to have observed the purest and truest English, and, coming from so great a master, his reply is a startling one. It was, he says, in the ordinary letters of unmarried women of from forty to fifty. But even if we set this aside, and grant that the bulk of our grandmothers' epistles are dull and a little stilted, they still exercised a wholesome influence in some marked points on the literature around them. However stilted or dull, they are never vulgar or flippant; flippancy and vulgarity, in fact, are just the faults which anything like a serious attempt at literary composition is pretty sure to correct. We should hardly have to tolerate the "fast dialogue" of Miss Braddon or the sensational spinsterhood who have followed in her train, if people still retained the art of telling a story or relating a conversation which we find common enough in the letters of a hundred years ago. The young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* would hardly roar so loudly if people had learnt the habit of moderation and good sense from their own correspondence.

There is another social loss which the post-card is likely to bring home to us, though, as in the last case, it is rather the process of which the post-card is the culminating point than the post-card itself which is responsible for it. We remember a very distinguished biographer telling us that at a certain stage in the life which he was describing he found the series of letters on which he had mainly relied suddenly fail him. The break marked, in fact, the advent of the penny stamp. Up to that point he had in his hands a mass of real letters, sometimes giving detailed accounts of the writer's daily life, sometimes treating in a serious way of serious subjects, but always distinguished by a certain literary excellence. But from the moment of the reduction of the postage the biographer found himself lost in a chaos of petty notes. Here and there he found an admirable saying or a jotting of really important intelligence, but it required his utmost skill to bring them into any literary form at all, and he found himself thrown mainly upon oral traditions and the memory of existing friends for the close of his biography. Both historically and socially such a change involves a very real loss. There is probably no way in which we can form so true an estimate of society or character in the past as through its common correspondence. We can all of us remember the amazing life and reality which Mr. Carlyle gave to Oliver Cromwell by the simple publication of his letters. In the case of speculative or literary men the loss is yet greater than in that of men of action. Strike Arnold's letters out of Arnold's life, and there remain simply the pamphlets of a rather hot-tempered polemic, and the dim traditions of a great schoolmaster. But even if the temper of really great men could be read as fully and distinctly in books and actions

as it is in their correspondence, the little incidents of social life, the passing phases of social feeling, the common joys and sorrows of the time, can never be preserved in any form but that of letters. A distinguished French author who landed in England with the aim of investigating the real life of the English people was recommended by a cynical friend to spend his time at Bow Street. And it really seems possible that the future historian of our own day, if he wishes to know something of the social life around us, may be driven for lack of better materials to a study of the police reports. The penny stamp has killed all future Horace Walpoles. Nobody nowadays would dream of turning, as the great letter-writer of Twickenham did, his correspondence into a moving picture of the humours and phases of the day. Still less, if he attempted such a task, should we find it done with the wit and abandon which has passed out of vogue with the letters of the Georgian era. The two orders of correspondence which have as yet resisted postal reform will hardly help the future Macaulay. The "Indian letter" can hardly be called a letter at all. It is, in fact, a diary kept from month to month. Morning after morning the wife who has left her "Judge" in his Indian jungle chronicles Mary's measles and Johnny's outbreaks in the nursery. Evening after evening the Judge sits down in the cool of sunset to tell his spouse how many taxpayers he has had thrashed into duly rendering their Income-tax, and what prospects there are of sport and "pig killing." It is a pleasant homelike way of living together on paper across a thousand miles of sea, but it is not letter-writing. The very entries day after day are jealously divided by their special dates. There is no sort of connexion or composition, but rather a marked jealousy in every line of anything "so formal" as the appearance of it. Such a correspondence is no more letter-writing than a dictionary is a book. On the other hand, love-letters, for the most part, are really correspondence. What literary feeling cannot do, the glow of emotion and a certain poetic tone of composition really does. We don't know what truth there is in a statement we have sometimes heard, that a Billingsgate fishwoman, once fairly roused into passion, always expresses herself in pure and racy English. But it is certain that anything like ardent feeling has a very healthy influence on style, and that the "vows of lovers" are generally expressed with a singular terseness and precision of phrase. The feeling of ease, too, the enjoyment of a common leisure which is almost incidental to such a correspondence, the longing to interest and the certainty that your correspondent is quite disposed to be interested, the consciousness of sympathy on a thousand points, and the wish to be sympathetic on a thousand others, give love-letters a vivacity and interest, a variety of tone, a grace and propriety of phrase, a completeness of form, which few others can rival. But of all kinds of correspondence, love-letters are the most useless for acquiring a knowledge of anything but the writers themselves. The world without lies like a dreamland somewhere over the edge of the letter-paper, and so far as any social revelations are concerned, we look on with perfect equanimity when the brown little bundle over which so many tears and kisses have been shed half-a-century ago finds its way reverently to the fire.

But if the thought of what we have lost in the old-fashioned letter tempts us to look with a little severity on the note, it is at once restored to something like favour when we look on the post-card. The note, if it had passed almost out of the sphere of literature, had still some literary qualities of its own. It lent itself admirably to a certain pungency and wit. Its scope was necessarily short, but many of Voltaire's most charming epistles are not an atom longer. To say a thing briefly, and yet with elegance, was of itself a training in style as it was a training in courtesy. There was still room enough for a story, provided it was a very little one, and the limitation of space sometimes gave an edge to what would otherwise have been a commonplace jest. Even if the graceful but elaborate courtesy of the older letter was inevitably abridged, it was not wholly discarded, and one often admired the art which could turn "Yours sincerely" into a pretty compliment, or throw a dash of sentiment into a "Yours ever." But grace and wit and affection vanish utterly from the post-card. Hurry has to be expressed by what we may call the telegraphic style—a style like Melchisedek, without end or beginning, and which jerks along over the wreck of grammar without the aid of prepositions. The last rag of courtesy is discarded with the last rag of English. There is no room for a story, even if there were time for telling it. A jest on a post-card would simply look out of place. As for any trace of affection, one would as soon expect it on a signpost. The insular reserve which has so long struggled against the traditional necessity of saying that it cared for anybody at the close of a note is able to fall dexterously back on the "publicity" of the new vehicle of communication. It would be "indelicate" and "un-English" to air one's deepest sentiments on a card which lies open to the jibes of a postman or the criticisms of a maid-servant. By the help of this theory we are able to ask our friends to dinner with less ceremony than we use to the footman when we ring for the coal, and to scribble "home early" to a young wife with a greater absence of formality than precedes the friendly nudge which broker bestows on broker at the Stock Exchange. So far as politeness, or even the decencies of social intercourse, are concerned, we stand naked but not ashamed. We have no reason to feel uneasy any longer at the awkwardness of our style, or the difficulty we find in saying a simple thing in simple language. We can bark out our message like a dog, and go contentedly about the City. We can



meer contemptuously at an age when people "had time" to write sense and grammar, and jot down the inarticulate utterance of our age of hurry on the British post-card.

#### PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

TO those who remember my first years in Parliament, the difference cannot but appear extreme in point of talent and eloquence. To say nothing of the older names, Lord North, Dunning, Wedderburne, Barré, there are no more Fox, Pitt, Burke, Windham; and poor Whitbread, with all his coarseness, had an Anglicanism about him that rendered him a valuable ingredient in a British House of Commons." Thus wrote Wilberforce in 1821. English eloquence, he feared, was dying out, and even Whitbread, who has been described as "a rough speaker, who spoke as if he had a pot of porter at his lips, and all his words came through it," was beginning in his eyes to look like a giant among the pigmies of the new generation. Two years later, Mr. Charles Butler, applying the remark of a Roman critic on Cicero and his times, observed that no member of either House of Parliament whom Lord North did not see, or who did not see Lord North, would be ranked among the orators of this country. Mr. Massey suggests that a contemporary of Lord North might perhaps have said the same of Sir Robert Walpole; and a writer in the recent number of the *Quarterly Review* seems disposed to think that the observation would equally hold good if Lord Palmerston were substituted for North or Walpole. The fact is that, down to the present time, there has been an unflinching succession of speakers who, among their contemporaries at least, have had the reputation of being great orators. They came in clusters, and though there may have been an interval between each, in which the old lights were dying out without apparently new ones appearing to supply their place, yet there has never been an utter blank. Each group of orators has been within sight and hearing of that which preceded it, and some of the older men have always survived long enough to form a connecting link between the old school and the new. It is possible that, from one cause or another, Parliamentary eloquence may now be declining; a process of deterioration may have commenced, of which the result will hereafter be painfully apparent; but for the present, at any rate, we have still amongst us some speakers who will compare not unfavourably with those of any previous generation. The writer in the *Quarterly* does his best to be hopeful, but perhaps his hopefulness is rather forced. He says he will not despair of the Commonwealth, but he rather hints that he could if he liked, and that it is more politeness than faith that prevents him from doing so. He believes that England is still replete with intellectual life, and there never was a more appreciating public, "so appreciating, indeed, that, in default of real genius, it is often content to put up with the counterfeit article." It may be doubted whether this is the sort of appreciation which is likely to encourage true eloquence; and the writer admits that there are certainly no rising orators in view. Still he is hopeful on principle, and the logic of his article, which is historical, almost forces him to be so. Down to the present time, at least, the succession of orators has never failed, and if it fails now, it will be for the first time. As Wilberforce feared that English oratory was about to fall below the level even of Whitbread, so there may be some middle-aged gentleman of our own day who is miserable in the thought that the next generation of his countrymen will have nothing equal to the "Anglicanisms" of Mr. Ayrton. Wilberforce, who does not mention Canning or Brougham, might have taken comfort if he had known that the line of orators would be carried on by Lyndhurst, Peel, Derby, Russell, Ellenborough, Disraeli, Gladstone, and Bright. It is not incredible that any Crabb Robinson who is now at school or college may live to hear speeches quite up to the mark, not only of Mr. Ayrton, but even of Mr. Gladstone.

There is perhaps nothing more difficult than to form a correct idea of the actual force of a speech as it was delivered from reading a report of it. Even if it is a good report, so much must necessarily depend on the voice, gestures, and animation of the speaker, that the bare record of his words conveys at the best a very imperfect conception of the effect of the oration. The speech which reads best in type is not always that which is most effective with an audience, and vigorous intonation and intensity of manner often atone for literary deficiencies. And of course the difficulty of appreciating a speech properly is increased when the report is a bad one. If we were to judge merely by such reports as have come down to us, we should be obliged to place Burke far above Pitt as an orator. We have only loose fragments or bald transcripts of Pitt's speeches, but Burke himself revised his own speeches, and they were published in full. The result, however, of being badly reported is not altogether to the disadvantage of a speaker, since, like the mist on the mountains, it leaves a good deal to the imagination. When we do not know what an orator who was thought to be a great man in his own day really said, we are bound to think that it must have been something very wonderful to produce such an effect, and thus mythical force and power are attributed to him. There is perhaps even greater risk of being misled if we trust too implicitly to the recorded impressions of contemporaries. A speech with which we agree is apt to be thought a much finer speech than one which runs counter to our opinions or sympathies. When Lord Monboddo said that Pitt spoke, Fox

barked, and Lord North screamed and groaned, it is not perhaps unreasonable to infer that he preferred Pitt's argument to that of Fox or North. Wilberforce was probably influenced by a similar reason when he declared that Pitt's speech on the Hastings Impeachment question was "astonishing, and the finest he ever delivered." It pleased Burke, too. "Sir," he said, "the right honourable gentleman and I have often been opposed to one another, but his speech to-night has neutralized my opposition; nay, sir, he has dulcified me." If Pitt had not discovered reasons for assenting to the impeachment which he had formerly opposed, perhaps the speech might have been less warmly appreciated. Before attempting to decide whether there has been any falling off in Parliamentary eloquence, it would be well to have some definition of what is meant by eloquence. Is it persuasiveness? Is it to be tested by the applause with which it is received, or by its influence on a division? Fox affected to have a simple theory on the subject. If a speech read well, it was certain, he said, to be a bad speech. What he meant, no doubt, was that the elaborate polishing of a speech so as to make it read smoothly implies premeditation, and is fatal to the glow and spontaneity which are essential to genuine oratory. Pitt used to argue that eloquence was in the audience rather than in the speaker; and Mr. Gladstone has paraphrased the remark in a meteorological metaphor about the orator absorbing in vapour what he pours forth in a flood. We should be disposed to say that eloquence consists in making a highly interesting and impressive statement; but this result may be due sometimes to one cause, sometimes to another, sometimes to a combination of causes, such as the intrinsic interest of the subject, the voice and manner of the speaker, and an opportune sympathy or excitement on the part of the audience. It is obvious that a speech is something very different from a spoken essay, and that sympathy between the speaker and his audience is one of the first conditions of success. It would be premature to say that Parliamentary eloquence is dying out, but there can be no doubt, we think, that, for better or for worse, it is changing its character; and this change is simply due to the fact that the Parliamentary audience is very different now from what it was at the beginning of the present century.

We have only to observe the revolution which has taken place in the character of the House of Commons to understand the different conditions under which debating is now carried on as compared with debating in the pre-Reform period. In the first place, Parliamentary oratory is losing its directness, and with its directness not a little of its personal character. A speaker addresses himself not so much to the benches around him as to the world outside; he has constantly to reflect how his speech will read in the papers, and what will be thought of it by the newspaper critics, and especially by his constituents. On the other hand, members cannot afford to surrender themselves to the spell of eloquence. They have to think of their seats, of the questions that will be asked at the next election, and the reasons they will be able to give for their votes. While a great speech is being delivered they have to keep cool and try to conjecture how it will go down with the country. They are like brokers at market—they have to consult, not their own tastes and feelings, but those of the public. In the old House of Commons the Minister or the leader of the Opposition had to deal with a small knot of influential men who held a certain number of seats, and who voted or gave orders how their nominees should vote as they pleased; and the *argumentum ad hominem* was proportionately powerful. It was worth while for an orator to exert himself to the utmost to put them into good humour, to tickle them, to rouse them by burning appeals; for their votes would be given according to the mood they were in when the division was called. There was no afterthought on the part either of the speaker or his audience, and they could both give themselves up to the spirit of the hour. The speaker was stimulated by the obvious effect he was producing; the only people he had to concern himself with were those before him, and it was enough if he produced an immediate impression which should settle the impending division. We do not mean to say that speeches have no longer a direct personal effect in the House of Commons, but only that this effect is necessarily much diminished. A speech which is delivered in an earnest, expressive manner will usually be thought to be a more attractive and convincing speech than if it were delivered in a rough, clumsy way, with stuttering and stammering. But at the same time, the effect of the personal qualities of oratory, of a good voice, appearance, and manner, must necessarily be greater in the case of an audience which yields to the impulse of the moment than of an audience which has to ask itself what will be thought of the speech by those who read it coldly in the newspapers. It is impossible not to see that the orators of a former day relied to a great extent on the arts, and even tricks, of style and manner which are calculated to produce an immediate effect, especially at a time of excitement, although they will not bear critical reflection. The Reporters' Gallery has been fatal to a certain kind of high-flown, artificial rhetoric. Sheil was called the Kean of oratory, and there is a good deal of Rolla and of both the Surfaces in Sheridan's harangues. Anybody who now attempted to speak as Sheil or Sheridan, or even as Burke sometimes spoke, would be set down as a buffoon. It is not a discouraging symptom that Irish eloquence has apparently had its day. Fifty years ago Sir P. O'Brien and Mr. Butt might have had a better chance of being appreciated. The growing loquacity of the House of Commons is necessarily prejudicial to a high style of

speaking; for it establishes a low average of loose, vapid, sloppy talk, to which men who are capable of better things are too often tempted to descend. Formerly a great debate was confined to the chief men who kept each other up to a certain standard of dignity and elevation. It is possible, however, that the excessive talkativeness of the present House of Commons, in becoming intolerable, may help to cure itself. This is perhaps a transition period between the old school of Parliamentary eloquence and a new school which has yet to be created. In becoming more popular, political oratory will certainly be stripped of many of its graces, but it may possibly in the course of time acquire new qualities of a higher order. Henceforth the orator must address himself not to a select circle, but more directly to the people, and it is to be hoped that the demagogues will not have the platform altogether to themselves.

#### THE ENDOWED SCHOOLS COMMISSIONERS.

IF the inevitable candid stranger were asked to forecast the results of "a statute" defined by its administrators to be "somewhat novel, and undoubtedly very stringent and drastic in its character," and worked by a peer, even the popular Lord Lyttelton, a clergyman, and a lawyer, in a room in Victoria Street, Westminster, according to their own definition, over "a country which was hardly prepared for its reception," and which certainly does not regard it with the same tender partiality as its foster-parents, he would undoubtedly prophesy a row. It is, we think, very much to the credit of the common sense and moderation of the people of England that the row which was inevitable from the operations of the Endowed Schools Commissioners in working, as they themselves boast "strenuously," a statute which they go out of the way to describe by such unpleasant adjectives as "stringent and drastic," in a "hardly prepared" land, should have been of so temperate and constitutional a description. Of the Endowed Schools Act we have always been advocates. There was and is a mass of unemployed educational resources in the country which nothing could have set in motion for the benefit of our under-trained middle classes except a powerful enabling Act of Parliament, followed by a vigorous executive Commission. But, having said so much, we reserve the full liberty of judging how far that Commission has acted with statesmanlike tact in the discharge of very delicate functions.

It is certainly an *à priori* suspicious circumstance that before it had run out a third year of existence it should have put itself upon its own trial by issuing a Report so apologetic, if not pathetic, as to amount to nothing less than a "counter case" to a charge of which the world would not have realized the strength had it not been revealed in the laboured apologies of the self-accusing Commission. There is, of course, something rather fine and chivalrous in the manner in which Lord Lyttelton, Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Hobhouse throw themselves upon general sympathy with a defence in which a considerable portion of the public will for the first time have learned that they had anything to defend themselves against; but to *beau sabreur* is not the best tactician, and in the very strength of the convictions which their plea reveals, we find reasons to doubt how far their policy was best calculated to grapple with the tangled problems of human feeling and local sentiment with which every day must have brought them in contact.

They were not created to construct, but to adapt and to modify; the field of their exertions was a very old and highly organized country; and the objects on which they were working were an exceedingly varied bundle of benevolent institutions founded by private munificence, deeply stamped with personal, local, and national idiosyncrasies, and doing such good as they effected on their own resources, unsubsidized by rate or tax. The Commissioners were clearly justified in working up to an ideal, but they were nowhere instructed to sacrifice existing facts to the exigencies of ideal symmetry. Every endowment stood on its own merits or demerits. Some were obviously past mending, and could only be merged or transmuted; others were in sore need of extensive repairs; while others only wanted a little paint here and there, and a few broken windows set right. To add to the difficulties of the task, a large proportion of these endowments were not absolutely educational, but were either such in part and in part charitable, or wholly charitable in the essence, while accidentally educational—educational only so far as education was given as one branch of charity. For their guidance the Commissioners had the statute law of the Endowed Schools Act, 1869, and the common law of tact, acquaintance with human nature, and the recognition of that characteristic of English self-dependence which substitutes individual munificence for paternal government, and saves free life at the cost of symmetry and an extreme husbanding of resources.

We shall be perfectly fair to the Commission in testing their success upon three points to which they have themselves challenged public attention in their Report. The first affects the constitution of the Governing Bodies of Endowed Schools; the second the quality of the teaching given; and the third the law of apportionment between the educational and charitable objects of mixed endowments. Upon the first of these heads, the question, by their own showing, which confronted the Commission at every turn of their preliminary movements was—

Are we at liberty to remodel the constitution of these Governing Bodies throughout the country on general principles? . . . Or are we bound to

look at each one, estimate the actual balance of good and evil which in each such case can, whether in consequence, or in spite, of the actual form of government, be shown to have resulted, and deal with the question of the Governing Body accordingly? Or, to put it more definitely, and in the form which the contention has actually been found to assume, are we to leave a given Governing Body materially unaltered in its composition unless we can establish against it a case of abuse or breach of trust? We have acted on the former view.

That is to say, by inverting the expressions, the Commissioners, finding a large and varied series of highly placed and highly respected, hard working and zealous Trustees—possessing ancient prestige and well-established credit—at work through the country, decided not to look "at each case," not to "estimate the actual balance of good and evil" which the histories of these respective Trusts revealed, and not to deal with the "question" of each Governing Body accordingly; but, on the contrary, to remodel them—good, bad, and indifferent as they might be—out of respect for something called "general principles," of which the Commissioners themselves held the key. No wonder that these gentlemen, at the conclusion of their Report, are compelled to appeal *ad misericordiam* to "the difficulties and failures" which they console themselves by declaring to be "the invariable concomitants of either a new law or a new machinery," but which we should rather say were the invariable concomitants of a new law worked ruthlessly by a new machinery acting on the avowed principle of making no distinction in its process of universal upsetting, between the bodies which had fulfilled and those which had neglected their duties. We do not think that they make out half as good a case for themselves as they might have done. They have a precedent directly to the point. In the heyday of the French Revolution there was a Commission actively engaged in redistributing property "throughout the country on general principles." One gentleman protested against their philosophical arrangements with the impertinent remark that it was very hard to take from him a possession which he and his predecessors had enjoyed without question for more than three hundred years; on which the Chief Commissioner very properly silenced him with the remark that he had himself shown that he had had it full long, and the time had come for somebody else to step into its benefits. We must, however, confess that the argument which the Commission puts forward is framed with considerable ingenuity. It appeals with pathos to the "number of irritating and invidious controversies" which would have resulted if the victims of its Jeddah law had been permitted to plead in mitigation of sentence; and it complacently adds, "If such a thing had been intended, the Act would have created a litigious machinery, and not such a constitution as ours;" that is, because they felt themselves too weak to try and to condemn or else acquit, therefore they concluded never to try, to abjure acquittal, and condemn all round. They then proceed to bolster up their pretensions by an argument which we must pronounce to be (unconsciously, of course) neither fair nor generous. They appeal to what they call the "most sweeping powers of the Act," and they assume that those who made those powers—*in primis* the Select Committee of the House of Commons—intended that they should be used most sweepingly. "There is not a hint of the powers depending upon any conduct of the parties, and in fact we know that a proposal to introduce such a condition was decisively rejected when the Act was under discussion"; and then they refer, as Lord Ripon did in the House of Lords during the Emmanuel Hospital debate, to a certain division in which only two votes were given for a proposition which would certainly have restrained such excess of power, but which that Committee did not think necessary to accept—not because they desired to establish the tyranny, but because, with the assurance of Mr. Forster ringing in their ears that only the bad foundations would have to fear, not the good ones, they believed that such a despotism would be impossible, and they refused to adopt words which sounded like the expression of want of confidence in those upon whose statements they wished to place a generous reliance.

Our next instance shall, as we have said, be drawn from the manner in which the Commissioners have dealt with the curriculum of studies. There is, as is well known, in England a very worthy class of philanthropic talkers—not wholly uncomposed of the tender-hearted parents of sons whose affection for their school books has never been inordinate—who live in the serene conviction that the ingenuous minds which never could be warned up to master the difficulties antecedent to an enjoyment of Homer, *Æschylus*, or *Aristophanes*, might have been converted into ascetic devotees of the midnight lamp by a judicious course of training in the genesis of gases. Out of regard to these excellent persons, the "sweeping powers" of the Commission were brought down upon Greek, the teaching whereof was hereafter to be, in what are termed "second grade" schools, an offence which, could the principles of the Ballot Bill be applied to Endowed Schools, would doubtless have been visited by two years' hard labour. Pity the sorrows of the good Commissioners; they expected that when Commission met Greek then would come the tug of victory. Instead of this—

The fact is that we have often found among the communities to whom our schemes have been made known a considerable amount of adverse feeling on this point, while those persons to whom it was supposed that classical studies made the school useless, and whom the change was intended to benefit, have not bestirred themselves to support a change.

They buckled themselves up to make one, and one only, public inquiry into the matter, and the place which they chose was Bradford, the borough of which the representation is divided between



the very parent and guardian of the Act, Mr. Forster himself, and that demigod of disestablishment, the once Rev. Mr. Miall:—

The inquiry was held; a great number of persons were examined by the Assistant Commissioner, and they nearly all expressed a strong desire that Greek should be prominently taught in the school; and moreover professed to believe [why not believed?] that there would be a considerable demand for such teaching in Bradford. They did not seem to be conscious [why should they?] that the position they demand for the study of Greek was in any way inconsistent with ample provision for modern and scientific studies. The persons belonged to all sections of the middle class.

Of course the Commission "cannot help suspecting" all manner of stupidity and prejudice on the part of these sturdy citizens of Bradford. But the fact remains. After noting this thorough discomfiture on their own chosen battlefield, it is almost an anti-climax to allow that their anti-Greek ukase, after attaining a certain success at Cambridge, was on second thoughts laid aside, that it was civilly bowed out at Oxford, and peremptorily extinguished by the University of London.

The Commission has naturally found its path most thorny when engaged in remodelling charitable institutions which were founded partly to give education and partly to give material aid. We have neither time nor inclination now to argue the question which the world will, we believe, be found arguing when the day of judgment arrives, as to the limits at which such eleemosynary gifts are helpful and beyond which they are baleful. It is sufficient now to say that the Endowed Schools Act took a very rough and ready way of contributing to the controversy by extending the power of a Commission which upon its own showing is too weak to judge whether a body of trustees has performed or neglected its trust, to the transference of such eleemosynary foundations, when tied up with schools, to scholastic purposes. This very Napoleonic procedure was effected by the first paragraph of the twenty-ninth section:—

For the purposes of this Act endowments attached to any school for the payment of apprenticeship fees, or for the advancement in life, or for the maintenance or clothing, or otherwise for the benefit of children educated at such school, shall be deemed to be an educational endowment.

These words establish an abstract and extreme right; but an abstract and very extreme right, thus suddenly and incidentally created and placed in the hands of a Commission whose own character of itself we have already recited, was plainly an anomaly, unless it were to be guarded by some constitutional provision in the interest of the imperilled charities. This provision occurs in the second paragraph of the section:—

Provided that nothing shall be construed to prevent a scheme relating to such endowment from providing, if the Governing Body so desire, for the continued application of such endowment to the same purposes.

We pause for one moment to ask what, not in the eyes of an acute lawyer, or of an inflexible theorist, but of a man of sense and human knowledge, would be the interpretation of this limiting provision appended to an enactment of unknown stringency, left to be applied by an untried and restricted body to the subversion of many widespread organizations of charity over the land? We pass on to the gloss of the Commissioners, never forgetting the appraisement which they have offered of their own judicial capacity. "But the proviso adds that the previous application may be continued by the scheme, with the consent of the Governing Body. It has been contended by some bodies of Trustees that this means that such application shall be continued by the scheme, if the Governing Body insist upon it. We have no doubt that this is an error." . . . "But the proviso assumes that there may be cases in which, in the judgment both of the Commissioners and of the Trustees, the existing application of endowments to maintenance had better not be discontinued, though not best for education" (education not having been the original purpose to which that foundation had been dedicated). "In such cases it permits the continuance, but neither Commissioners nor Trustees can insist upon it without each other's concurrence"—i.e. if the Commissioners please to overrule it, the Trustees will be powerless; if the Trustees desire to keep it, the Commissioners may overrule them.

The Commissioners' rough justice in all these cases may have been right or wrong, but they must be far more versed in the ways of Laputa than of England if they are in any way astonished at the "difficulties and failures" engendered by their arbitrary policy.

We have not touched upon the more familiar pitfalls spread before the Commissioners, such as the religious difficulty, the girls' difficulty, the women's difficulty, the competition difficulty, and the free-schooling difficulty—points on which the Blue-book is eloquent—for our object is not to discuss the scheme of that body as a whole. We have only dealt with points which are of the nature of those brick walls which Whigs are said to build to knock their own heads against. They have owned to failure and disappointment, and we have endeavoured to point out for their future guidance the reasons of their discomfiture.

We could go on to multiply quotations culled out of the Report, but we trust that we have said enough to show that into all the good intentions of the Commissioners is infused the dangerous element of too much zeal, and that the resistance which their operations has provoked through the country may not be wholly attributable to a blind and selfish attachment to the material benefits of vested interests. In the meantime we must remind the Commissioners how Cyrus in his ingenuous nonage came to considerable grief for insisting upon an exchange between the little boy who liked his big coat and the big boy who liked

his little coat. When all our towns are built in parallelograms, when all our fields are lotted in rectangles, and all our houses constructed by official surveyors on a Parliamentary plan, we shall believe that the time has come for all benefactors to model their foundations on one symmetrical scheme. The Commissioners, we quite admit, do not think of proposing anything so preposterous, but there is enough in their way of dealing with questions to drive the persons who dread so disastrous a consummation into the opposite blunder of defending anomaly and uselessness as the bulwarks of variety and local independence.

#### FOOLS OF COMEDY AND FARCE.

THE stage will never want Marplots to illustrate the

Fate of fools officious in contriving,  
In executing puzzled, lame, and lost;

but they can scarcely afford unmixt entertainment. Our apprehensions are never so entirely laid to sleep even in comedy that we can serenely relish a fool's meddling in the interests we side with. Hence the fool who plays his own game and hurts nobody but himself is the favourite; the fool who is vain, busy, and silly on his own account, and assumes himself to be the principal figure in every turn of affairs; who will break in upon the astrologer's latest intelligence from the Zodiac as though it must needs relate exclusively to his affairs; and, hearing that Mars is in the ascendant, puts in the inquiry, "Pray is not Mars very like a young fellow called Tom Tinsel?"

The Fop was a speciality of genteel comedy, and needed something besides native wit for his proper elaboration either by writer or actor. To do him justice, some familiarity with the manners of high life was indispensable. Congreve, we know, valued himself much more on being a fine gentleman than on being a wit, and he certainly knew what he was about when he caricatured the polite affectations of his day. But the same degree of experience was not needed for fools out of the magic circle, for the shams and would-be's, awkward imitators of their foolish betters; still less for the infinite varieties of folly which people the modern stage. Pope, the friend of Congreve, called Farquhar a writer of farces, mainly we surmise, from the quality of his fools, who needed some extravagances of plot for their fitting development. Farquhar could have seen little of high life, and he knew fine gentlemen as negligent patrons, not as equals. He has to trust imagination rather than close observation for his manners; his fools are fools simple without the varnish of elegant foppery. Possibly his fancy played all the more freely for wanting this knowledge. All the points of nature's fool are conspicuous in the brothers Clinker. The situations may be farcical, but they are excellently adapted for the exhibition of the great leading characteristics of the order—credulity, conceit, forwardness, imperviousness to any deep impression, incapacity to take in the bearing of any case, or to see the relation of cause and effect, and that particular exaltation and inflation which constitutes the felicity of fools. The pair, however, represent these qualities in different proportions. Beau Clinker is self-reliant and inventive, his brother is more absolutely guided by circumstances and example. No trait could show more insight and appreciation than the elder brother's preparations for his voyage to the Jubilee; for the fool, great in nostrums, is never more confident in himself than in providing against untried dangers. Take that swimming girdle, for example, on which the Beau relies with such confidence:—

Suppose the ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish people are busy at their prayers, I whip on my swimming-girdle, clap a month's provision in my pocket, and sails me away, like an egg in a duck's belly.

Then for credulity. He admires the tie of Sir Harry's cravat, and detects in it an air of travel. "There is indeed, sir—I suppose, sir, you bought this lace in Flanders?" "No, sir, this lace was made in Norway." "Norway, sir?" "Yes, sir, of the shavings of deal boards." Clinker thinks this very surprising, but resolves to have a cravat of the very same lace before he comes home. He gets involved in the action of the piece, and is extremely delighted with the sense of intrigue involved in exchanging clothes with Tom Errand, the porter:—"Intrigue is the prettiest, cleverest thing for a man of my parts." But presently the porter's wife, missing her husband, and seeing the beau in her husband's clothes, jumps to the conclusion that he has murdered him. His resource fails him utterly in the emergency:—

WIFE. Oh, Mr. Constable, here's a rogue has murdered my husband and robbed him of his clothes!

CONSTABLE. Murder! robbery! Then he must be a gentleman. Hands off there! he must not be abused. Give an account of yourself. Are you a gentleman?

CLINKER, SEN. No, sir, I'm a beau.

CONSTABLE. A beau! Then you have killed nobody, I'm persuaded. How came you by these clothes, sir?

CLINKER, SEN. You must know, sir, that walking along, sir—I don't know how, sir—I can't tell where, sir—and so the porter and I changed clothes, sir.

The constable thinks he speaks reason; but the wife prevails, and the beau is lodged in Newgate, where the gallows, an institution immediately behind the scenes of the English classical drama, stands greedily expectant. The younger Clinker, who came on the scene simultaneously with his elder brother, appears first as something of a prig, impressing the ladies with his serious air. He is shocked at the beau's finery, saying very properly:—

"I thought, brother, you owed so much to the memory of your father as to wear mourning for his death":—

CLINKER, SEN. Why so I do, fool; I wear this because I have the estate; you wear that because you have not the estate; you have cause to mourn indeed, brother. Well, brother, I am glad to see you; fare you well!

But in course of time Tom Errand appears before the junior Clinker and his man Dick, dressed in the beau's fine clothes. The natural surmise again is that he can have become possessed of them only in one way. He endeavours to explain, but Dick will not hear of it. "No, no; the rogue has murdered your brother and stripped him of his clothes." At the mere suggestion all his good dispositions are laid aside:—

CLINKER, JUN. Murdered my brother! oh, crimini! oh, my poor Jubilee brother! Stay, by Jupiter Ammon, I'm heir though. Speak, sir; have you killed him? Confess that you have killed him, and I'll give you half-a-crown.

ERRAND. Who? I, sir? alack-a-day, sir, I never killed any man but a carrier's horse once.

The junior, however, insists on confession as the condition of escape and safety, and Errand, reflecting on the immediate convenience and profit of a lie, and that at worst he can but deny it again, owns to the deed. The lie once spoken, the faculty of invention, never wholly wanting in man, asserts itself, and his awakened fancy adorns the lie with circumstance:—

CLINKER, JUN. Here's your money, sir; but are you sure you killed him dead?

ERRAND. Sir, I'll swear it before any judge in England.

DICK. But are you sure that he's dead in law?

ERRAND. Dead in law? I can't tell whether he be dead in law, but he's as dead as a door-nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the head with a hammer.

Clinker instantly insists on donning his brother's suit, crying, "Now I'm in mourning for my brother," declares that he will go to the Jubilee, and carries off Errand to make the necessary depositions. This simile of the door-nail carries with it a conviction that may be paralleled by each reader's private experience of fools. For when the beau, deprived of both his suits, comes upon the stage in a blanket at the moment when his junior is announcing to a party of ladies, with all the details of nail and hammer, how he has become heir and is bound for the Jubilee, he has no notion of giving in:—

CLINKER, SEN. Must you go, rogue? must ye? you will go to the Jubilee, will you?

CLINKER, JUN. A ghost, a ghost! Send for the Dean and Chapter presently!

CLINKER, SEN. A ghost! no, no, sirrah; I'm an elder brother, rogue.

CLINKER, JUN. I don't care a farthing for that; I'm sure you're dead in law.

CLINKER, SEN. Why so, sirrah, why so?

CLINKER, JUN. Because, sir, I can get a fellow to swear he knocked out your brains.

It is, in truth, a distinguishing mark of a fool to be unable to take in the most obvious fact to his disadvantage, though the same peculiarity may be met with elsewhere. The brothers Clinker at the end of the play are bid, "Get you to your native plough and cart, converse with animals like yourselves; men are creatures you don't understand"; but, in fact, they would be very much out of place among the "sheep and oxen" they are dismissed to, and by no means represent the rustic lout so dear to comedy; their sprightliness preserves them from this, in the eyes of wit, supreme degradation.

There is no point of national manners on which the drama throws more light than in its delineation of country-bred fools. The dolt of good pedigree and ample fortune, who makes so conspicuous a figure on the eighteenth-century stage when he intrudes upon the town his ungainly bulk and strength, clumsy antics, and obsolete fashions, would be resented in our day as a coarse impossibility; but at his broadest he was never then taken to exceed the just limits of caricature. Steele has given us a specimen of the true country bumpkin of his own date in Humphrey Gubbins, a fellow six feet high, and shoulders of the broadest, boasting that his brains are strong, not in acquiring, but in resisting knowledge—still kept in order by his father's crab-stick, and now brought up to London to marry his cousin against his will. In the Park he is first enlightened on his own rights, being met, as if by accident, by a designing attorney, who can tell him he is master of an entailed estate of fifteen hundred a year:—

HUMPHREY. I am glad to hear it with all my heart; and can you satisfy me in another question—pray how old am I at present?

POUNCE. Three-and-twenty last March.

HUMPHREY. Why, as sure as you are there, they have kept me back. I have been told by some of the neighbourhood that I was born the very year the pigeon-house was built, and everybody knows the pigeon-house is three-and-twenty. Why I find there has been tricks played me. I have obeyed him all along as if I had been obliged to it.

POUNCE. Not at all, sir. Your father can't cut you out of one acre; and a man of your beauty and fortune may find out ladies enough that are not of kin to you.

HUMPHREY. Look ye, Mr. What-d'ye-call-um. As to my beauty, I don't know but they may take a liking to that. But, sir, mayn't I crave your name?

POUNCE. My name is Pounce, at your service.

HUMPHREY. Pounce with a P?

POUNCE. Yes, sir, and Samuel with an S.

The family of the Wrongheads, in the *Provoked Husband*, are fools of the same feather; quite as bad as their town-bred betters, and doubly fools by nature and inexperience, though not without a certain cunning, half akin to cleverness. They come up in a

body from Yorkshire in the family coach—the lady sticking for six horses, which are not at all too many to drag them through the ruts—to make their fortunes in London. Sir Francis, the baronet, triumphant after a successful election contest, has designs for a place at Court; the oaf of a son comes to amuse himself; the mother expects to shine a star in high life, and the daughter to marry a nobleman. Sir Francis expects to make a figure in the House, and reveals his expectations to his friend Manly:—

SIR FRANCIS. Why, ay! there's it now! you'll say that I have lived all my days in the country—what then?—I'm in the quorum. I have been at Sessions, and I have made speeches there! ay, and at vestry too; and mayhap they may find here that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me now?

Manly endeavours to moderate these expectations, and reminds him that a petition is lodged against him by Sir John Worthland, but Sir Francis treats this with sly contempt:—"Why, you forget, cousin, that Sir John's o' the wrong side." He settles the question by arguing that it is his duty to repair his fortune by some great stroke. Nothing can really exaggerate the expectations of a fool in an untried position, or caricature his sense of capacity and fitness for any service. Sir Francis argues quite justly that the "Wrongheads have been a considerable family since England was England," and speaks in the tone of them all. In this spirit he reports progress. He has introduced himself at the levee of the man in power, and is much elated by the civility with which he was received. "Sir Francis," says he, "have you any service to command me?" Now, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement." In fact, he is encouraged so far as to hint that, his estate being a little out at elbows, he is anxious to serve his King and country, and should be very willing to accept a place at Court. The great man's courtesy suffers no abatement; he desires to know what sort of a place the Baronet has turned his mind upon, who replies that beggars must not be choosers, and that "any place about a thousand a year 'ould be well enough to be going on with." "Well," says Manly, "what did my lord say to this?"

"Sir Francis," says he, "I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power;" so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business; with that he turned him about to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked to my thoughts as if he came for a place too.

The interview ends by the confession of a blunder. There had been a debate in the House, and the speakers on both sides were so long-winded "that when they came to put the question as they call it, I don't know how 'twas, but I doubt I cried Ay! when I should ha' cried No!"—this contretemps being due to the blandishments of a certain Mr. Totherside, "who would be proud to make acquaintance with him," and takes him by the sleeve along with the crowd into the lobby:—

So I knew nought—but odds-flesh! I was got o' the wrong side the post; for I were told afterwards I should have staid where I was.

The pert and awkward Miss Jenny represents folly in its youthful confidence and exaltation. Of course she is to marry a lord. As she imagines herself led in triumph to her chair, her vision turns as we read into a record of past airs and vanities. The picture is a vivid one:—

To have a gentleman with a star and what d'ye-call-um ribbon lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way! "Hold up," says the chairman; and so, says I, "My lord, your humble servant." "I suppose, madam," says he, "we shall see you at my Lady Quadrille's?" "Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord," says I. So in swops me, with my hoop stuffed up to my forehead; and away they trot, swing swang, with my tassels dangling, and my flambeaux blazing, and—oh! it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

In one respect ideas have changed upon our subject. In the comedies and farces of a hundred or a hundred and fifty years ago everybody was thought a fool who did not mind his own business—his business meaning his strictly private business—unless he was a great man, one of the privileged circle. Out of this circle politician and fool were convertible terms, amateur soldier and even virtuous admitting of no other classification. The man was ridiculous who cared about butterflies and beetles, or who would have been "glad to see a live crocodile." Major Sturgeon reposing on his laurels furnishes the best sport in the world as he relates his own labours and successes:—"Why, after my first campaign I no more minded the noise of the guns than a flea-bite"; or expatiates on the fatigues of actual service—"such marchings and countermarchings! from Brentford to Ealing, from Ealing to Acton, from Acton to Uxbridge; the dust flying, sun scorching, men sweating"; or describes the melancholy fate of the brave commander, Major Molasses, who would not take advice and pull off his spurs before going into action, and who adds his own share to the disasters of the day:—

MAJOR. Indeed, it was an unfortunate day for us all.

SIR JACOB. As how?

MAJOR. Why, as Captain Cucumber, Lieutenant Pattypan, Ensign Tripe, and myself were returning to town in the Turnham Green stage, we were stopped near the Hammersmith turnpike, and robbed and stripped by a footpad.

Footes would hardly have ventured on this broad ridicule in our day, nor probably could Murphy have reckoned enough on the general sympathy to have drawn his Upholsterer—the fool who left his business to take care of itself while he occupied himself with the nation's politics, and, in a soliloquy that recalls the *malade imaginaire* adding up the items of the doctor's bill, calculates how to raise the supplies for the year, while the balliffs are at his own door. This unselfish absorption really separates Quid-



nunc by a broad gulf from the fool proper. He and his friend Roger, who has not made a wig for a year—"for I can't gi' my mind to anything for thinking of my country"—and who "can't sleep in his bed for thinking what will become of the Protestants if the Papists should get the better in the war"—are true patriots. Quidnunc refuses a match for his daughter on high grounds:—"I will never give my daughter to a man who has not better notions of the balance of power"; and he can lose the sense of private failure in the knowledge that "India bonds are risen three-sixteenths, which will make some amends for the price of corn." His daughter comes in upon him when he is planning repairs for the careening wharfs at Gibraltar:—

QUIDNUNC. It is one comfort, however, they can always have fresh provisions in the Mediterranean.

HARRIET. Dear papa, what's the Mediterranean to people in our situation?

QUIDNUNC. The Mediterranean, child? Why, if we lose the Mediterranean we're all undone.

HARRIET. Dear sir, that's our misfortune—we're undone already.

QUIDNUNC. No, no—here, here, child—I have raised the supplies within the year.

This daughter asks if he wants to make her a politician. As a crowning imbecility he is made to reply:—"It would be the pride of my heart to find I had got a politician in petticoats." The force of folly could no further go in those days; but we have changed all that now. We have no space for the excellent scene where poor old Feeble, Harriet's rich uncle, is roused out of his bed at midnight to hear the latest news of the *Gazette*—how the Superintendent of Indian affairs has settled matters with the Cherokees—the Emperor of Morocco is dead—the new Nabob, Jaffier Ally Cawn, has acceded to the treaty; finally insisting on his opinion as to the balance of power. The helpless disgust of the poor invalid as he puts away from him every fresh article of intelligence, and the brisk unconsciousness of the news-monger that he can impart anything but pleasure, are in the best vein of broad comedy.

#### VESUVIUS.

IF the inhabitants of Naples and its neighbourhood are more superstitious than other people, we can scarcely wonder at it. They dwell among the living evidences of those volcanic forces which burst out from time to time into calamitous activity. It is not only those whose homes stand on the very slopes of the burning mountain who must be oppressed by the sense of insecurity, although it is they who receive the most terrible reminders of the perils that perpetually menace them. The capital itself is built upon a tract of fire that girdles it with visible signs of danger. Even when everything is comparatively tranquil, the Neapolitans can always see from the Chiaja and the Moles the light puffs of smoke floating over the cone of Vesuvius against the pure blue of the sky. They have only to go on the other side as far as the Solfatara to breathe the gases that escape through the cracks in the thin crust which arches over the great subterranean fires. Fortunately the crust is somewhat thicker where Naples stands; yet every now and then even Naples throbs to earthquake shocks that suggest terrible possibilities. The traces of nature's violence attract tourists to Naples almost as much as the charms of the scenery. Here Herculaneum lies under its masses of tufa, and the moderns have built another city on the ancient one. There Pompeii is laboriously emerging from its bed of ashes. Everywhere broad lava streams seam the rich landscape; the older ones thinly covered with the precarious vegetation which struggles to root itself in slowly accumulating soil, the later showing in all their natural deformity. They tell how in the lapse of the last two hundred years the mountain has been more disastrously active than before, although there has been no such calamity as that of A.D. 79. But who can say how soon what has happened once may not happen again, and with circumstances yet more aggravated? The Neapolitans are not very searching students of scientific phenomena, and perhaps they never fully realize the advantages of the perpetual safety-valve which they have in their open mountain. As for the inhabitants of the long and crowded suburb stretching from Portici to Torre del Annunziata, by Resina and Torre del Greco, the existence of this safety-valve threatens a perpetual danger. They are a light-hearted race enough, as they need to be; they are content to live in the passing day, and take little thought for the morrow. But the greater their habitual heedlessness, the heavier are the shocks which from time to time awaken them from it. When Vesuvius bursts out in smoke and flame and burning lava floods, there is everything in the spectacle to speak home to their alarmed senses. Their priests scarcely need to raise their voices to point the moral. The people turn emulously to the neglected Saints, crowd to the shrines which they generally leave to their women, and pray and vow till their much crying seems at last to move the saintly intercession. The calamity is stayed when it has run its appointed course. The victims humbly acknowledge the penalty of their sins; those who are spared are full of fervent gratitude for a miraculous deliverance. The reputation of St. Januarius stands higher than ever, and the liquefaction of his precious blood is watched for with new ardour on the next anniversary of the miracle.

The most significant feature of the present eruption is one which may well cause the Neapolitans more anxiety than ever. All previous eruptions have been from the cone at the summit, and

the summit of the mountain is at a tolerably safe distance from Naples. But this time Vesuvius has imitated the caprices of its great Sicilian rival, and opened a new crater somewhere on the depression by the Observatory. This would seem to imply that a serious obstruction has choked the old safety-valve, and if once convulsion changes the subterranean physical geography of the mountain, it opens alarming possibilities. To be sure, this new outlet is not very far removed from the former one; but the experiences of Etna are far from reassuring as to the future, and for aught we can see the next outbreak may be anywhere in the volcanic district. The mountain must have shown itself extraordinarily active on this occasion, if it be true that the ashes lay an inch deep in the streets of Naples and had actually reached Palermo. The explosion appears to have been preceded by no premonitory warnings, although, indeed, whether forewarned or not, such catastrophes must always partake of the nature of surprises. A sacrifice of life is as inevitable as a grievous destruction of property. Every foot of soil on the mountain slopes is precious, and cultivation fights its way upwards almost beyond the limits of the profitable. The painstaking peasant scrapes together the earth and the crumbling lava, drags up his heavy baskets of manure, forms his vineyards or his garden among the shelves and ledges of the rock, and perches in the midst of them his little white-plastered dwelling. Lower down, but still on the steep slopes, these dwellings become thicker; then you have the small villages with their white church towers; after them the larger ones, and finally, through labyrinths of paths among the walled enclosures, you arrive at the crowded street that skirts the bay. The eruption breaks out of a sudden, and those who live highest on the mountain waken to find themselves among showers of falling scoriae. Before the first shock of panic-stricken stupefaction is over, the great rush of the lava torrent is upon them. Its first velocity as it rolls down the steep from the precipices above imports certain destruction to any living thing that finds itself in its way; but as the slope becomes more gentle, the advance of the lava becomes slower, and then, in the suspense of horrible anticipation, we have perhaps the worst horrors of the fearful drama. As the lava rolls down, it fills depressions, turns itself against every trifling inequality of the ground, and seems to hesitate over the course it shall take. The people cling pertinaciously to their dwellings, hoping against hope that this or that familiar promontory may act as a breakwater. For, after all, though life is most to them, property is much; and if they do decide to go, it is not only to the mercy of the lava that they leave everything they have in the world. All the criminal scum of the neighbourhood is at hand, ready at the risk of life to profit by the harvest of misfortune, and pillage generally is going busily forward. Even were the Neapolitan police more efficient and trustworthy than it is, what would its force avail to protect from marauders all these scattered villages? The flights which families have delayed to the last moment, with their sinister surroundings, would make so many studies for a *Doré*. The whole moving side of the mountain looks like an ant-heap suddenly disturbed. The impressionable and demonstrative people lose their heads, as men of more phlegmatic temperaments might easily do in circumstances much less appalling. When every one is in alarm for himself or his own property, no one can do much to help his neighbour. Besides, no one can ever tell that he or his are secure. You can see the course that this particular flood of lava is taking, but a fresh explosion may come at any moment, to send another in some different direction.

We have seen something and heard more of the circumstances attending previous eruptions, and this one appears to be at least as serious as any that has occurred in our time. The new Government has had a great opportunity of winning golden opinions from its Neapolitan subjects, and it would seem to have been equal to the occasion. We read of the King having stationed himself at the point of danger when the disaster was at its worst, and it is precisely under such circumstances that Victor Emmanuel shows to the best advantage. Public pageants are utterly repugnant to him, Court ceremonies weary him to death, and even in most of his foibles his character has little in sympathy with that of his soft Campanian subjects. But the excitement of danger is a real enjoyment to him. The Neapolitans perhaps admire courage and coolness all the more because their own reputation for these qualities does not stand extraordinarily high; and assuredly the unfortunate dwellers by Vesuvius, who always combine mendicancy with exertion, are the very people to appreciate generosity. We hope we may hear that the King's example has been imitated by Neapolitans of the upper classes, and by those wealthy visitors who either chanced to be at Naples, or who hurried thither to witness the spectacle. We can picture the scenes that will take place nightly on the mountain when the first panic has passed. The stream of fire by night, the pillar of smoky cloud as seen from the Chiaja by day, will advertise the entertainment and make it the fashion. The gay world of Naples will exchange the day promenade for a night one, the Villa Reale for "a ladies' mile" by the side of the red lava flow. There will be swarms of attendant guides, ready to hire out their tattered arms and dirty hands to the daintily shod dames and dandies who will go hopping about on the skirts of the hot surface. There will be crowds of professional beggars gathered from Naples and all the villages that have not suffered. The beggars' chances may be the better because among them may be some of those unhappy sufferers who have just been ruined, and who will blend their notes of genuine pathos with the general chorus of whining appeals. We

have nothing to say against strangers making parties for a close inspection of a terrible phenomenon, or for the admiration of nature in one of her grandest moods. We make no doubt that the most volatile of them may carry away impressions which it would be a pity to have missed. We only trust that they may not be so absorbed by the picturesque side of the spectacle as to forget altogether the sad reality. To say nothing of calcined bones and charred roof-trees, the lava flows over vineyards and gardens which only the other day were flourishing in the full promise of the spring. Doubtless, should their late proprietors have survived, they are looking on with the pleasure seekers from Naples, and with feelings of at least equal interest, although they may regard the sight from a totally different point of view. The inhabitants of that perilous strip of country lying between the fire and the water should know by now what they must expect periodically. But races once planted firmly are slow to leave their ancestral homes, despite all the drawbacks to their comfort for which strangers pity them. We can hardly blame these Campanians for not deserting their paradise because it is not altogether exempted from the primal curse. So long as Vesuvius grows the most delicate wines of Naples, so long we may expect that vinedressers will defy the volcano. And as these recurring disasters are inevitable, the only thing to be done is to help the people to tide them over when they do come.

#### COLE C.B. "AT HOME."

COLE C.B. may not know much about art, but it cannot be denied that he is a proficient in the study of human nature. He is well acquainted with all its little weaknesses, susceptibilities, and soft places, and nobody knows better how to make the most of them. Novelists sometimes talk of the characters in their books as their puppets, but the inventor of South Kensington has been fortunate enough to find his puppets in real life, and in the highest circles. Apparently he has only to pull the string, and they dance to any tune he likes. It has been said that great people, living in a comparatively narrow, and to some extent artificial, world of their own, are of a simple nature, and are easily got at by persons who choose to approach them in a certain way; and Mr. Cole's experience would perhaps confirm this view. When Mr. Crummles found his audiences declining, and thought it necessary to give a fillip to public curiosity, he fell back upon the Phenomenon; but we think it is hinted that he did it rather too often, and that after a time the Phenomenon, notwithstanding the big letters in the bills, ceased to draw. Mr. Cole, when he wants to make a sensation, is in the habit of bringing Royalty to the front. The thousand additional lamps which were supposed to mark the special festivals at Vauxhall are represented at South Kensington by a familiar constellation of princes of the blood. It may be doubted whether this kind of exhibition is altogether calculated to uphold the dignity of the Crown; but there can be no doubt that it has hitherto answered the purpose of the lucky manager who has been enabled to number it among his stock attractions. The presence of Royalty necessarily implies a certain amount of official attendance; the fashionable world is also bound to be represented on such an occasion; and the general public is proud to have the opportunity of mixing with such fine company at a moderate cost. One of Mr. Cole's most subtle and successful strokes has been the issue of official invitations. The Chairman of the Local Board of Little Pedlington fully appreciates the delicate attention of being included in the official circle along with the Commander-in-Chief, the Lord Chancellor, and the Cabinet. Local self-government is always largely represented at Mr. Cole's gatherings. Nothing pays better than a little cheap civility to the provinces. Those who have observed how great men are apt to be lost in the crowd of the metropolis might perhaps imagine that happier was the lot of local "personages" who are so well known, and who strut about so boldly and unmistakably in their own neighbourhoods. The constable, the letter-carrier, and the bellman are always on the look out for them, and ready to uncover. The townsfolk take a pride in them, and point them out to strangers. In London you may see the Prime Minister walking down Regent Street in the thick of the afternoon, and apparently not a soul knows him or takes any notice of him. If he were a Mayor, or a Town-clerk, or Local Board person on his own ground, he would be greeted at every step. A little acquaintance, however, with provincial life discloses the fact that local dignitaries are more or less silently pining for wider recognition. Blest as they may seem, like Rasselas in his Happy Valley, they have heard, like Rasselas, of a world beyond, and are consumed with an agony of desire to make a figure in it. It is easy to conceive the thrill of satisfaction with which people of this sort receive the broad card with the South Kensington seal. They feel that the eyes of England are upon them, that they are really part and parcel of the Constitution, and that the glory and prosperity of the Empire depends upon the intimate fraternity of Crown, Lords, Commons, Local Boards, and Police Committees. You may be sure they lose no time in packing up their cocked hats and furred gowns; and thus there is always plenty of local colour at Mr. Cole's parties, and what is more, the South Kensington vote, though it swells every year, excites no jealousy in the country.

In the absence of the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh favoured Mr. Cole with what in another sphere is called a "friendly lead," at the opening of the annual International Exhi-

bition on Saturday last. The entertainment was described in the programme as an "Official Reception, Private View, and Performance of Vocal and Instrumental Music." There was, we believe, some kind of concert in the Albert Hall after most of the people had quitted it. The "Private View" was a public crush in which it was impossible to see anything, and as for the Reception, it would be difficult to say whether the Duke received the company, or the company the Duke, or in what the ceremony consisted. The invitations were issued in the name of the Duke of Edinburgh, and from remarks that reached our ears we rather fancy that some of the provincial guests had come expecting a personal introduction to his Royal Highness, and perhaps a good gossip with him about the *Galatea* and his travels, and that historic pipe which he smoked on the carcass of his first elephant. In point of fact, what happened was simply this—that about 9 o'clock the Duke, with Princess Louise and a distinguished following, entered the Albert Hall, and were critically inspected by the invited guests in the arena for about ten minutes; and that afterwards the Royal party, in charge of Mr. Cole, were marched off for exhibition to the crowds who thronged the picture galleries. They had a good deal of ground to go over, and the ordeal was far from a pleasant one, and it is not surprising that their Royal Highnesses hurried over it as fast as possible. They made no attempt to look at anything, and were no doubt quite aware that they were themselves the show. As a bait, invitations to the Reception had been promised to purchasers of season tickets; and it is probable that this exhibition of the Duke and Princess sold a good many tickets. The rule which forbids the criticism of a gift is not supposed to apply to things that are paid for; and accordingly some of the people who had bought tickets for the sake of having a good look at Royalty thought themselves entitled to complain that the Duke produced for their inspection was in plain dress and not in uniform, and that he was not so tall as they had expected from seeing his photograph; nor did the toilet of the Princess escape equally candid comments which were made almost in her hearing. It may be doubted whether it is fitting that the personal appearance of the Royal Family should be exposed to discontented criticism by being made a matter of commercial speculation. A writer in one of the papers, looking round upon the crowded tiers of the Albert Hall, and up towards "the great spread" of the *Velarium*, was reminded of "the aspect of the Coliseum when all was ready for the show and the lions were about to be let loose into the arena." Mr. Cole's "lions" were such as might safely be trusted among ladies; but gross and wanton mismanagement converted a part of the galleries at one period of the evening into a disgraceful and even dangerous bear-garden. The crowd, left absolutely without guidance, broke up into opposing currents; some wanted to go forwards, others to go back; while one set of people were trying to get downstairs, another set were pushing up. After a time it was impossible to move in any direction, and the pressure of the crowd, continually increasing, became intolerable. The people behind, irritated by the supposition that those in front were blocking the way in order to look at tempting works of art, or, as one rumour had it, to drink tea, grew impatient and aggressive. Some of the season-tickets seem to have got into strange hands, and rough words and rowdy elbowing were added to the amenities of the scene. If a constable, in a moment of inspiration, had not unlocked a side-door and relieved the congestion of the crowd at its worst point, serious consequences would certainly have ensued. As it was, many ladies suffered severely; bracelets were torn from their arms in the crush, their dresses were rent, and probably some of them have hardly yet recovered from the cruel usage to which they were physically as well as morally subjected, through the wanton and inexcusable neglect of the simplest precautions against overcrowding.

Mr. Cole, when examined the other day in regard to the embezzlement of some nine thousand pounds from the South Kensington funds, observed oracularly that perfection is one thing, and what is practicable in this world is another thing. Even Mr. Cole, we imagine, will hardly venture to say that the arrangements on Saturday night were either perfection, or the best practicable in this world. The guests who were invited to what was supposed to be a private view found themselves swamped by the promiscuous public who had been tempted by the promise of a show of "personages" to buy season-tickets, or who had in one way or another (for very odd-looking people had got admission, and country mayors were not unnaturally nervous about their chains when they looked at some of their neighbours), contrived to beg or borrow invitation cards. We do not know whether the Committee of the House of Commons which is investigating the defalcations at South Kensington has authority to push its inquiries beyond the case of Mr. Simkins. But some further explanations are clearly required. Mr. Cole ridicules the idea of his being responsible for the accounts of the department. He argues that he is only nominally accountant, and that, though he signs the accounts as a guarantee of their accuracy, it is absurd to expect him to know anything about them. We are assured that it is physically impossible for him to attend to such trifles when he has so many other things to do; and he added that "it would puzzle a conjuror" to say exactly what his duties were under the Act of Parliament. Mr. Cole is not more puzzled in this respect than other people. He is supposed to be the not inadequately remunerated head of a Government department; but it appears that,



although he cannot possibly find time to attend to his official duties, he has abundant leisure to organize and superintend various enterprises which trade upon a supposed connexion with the Government, but which are in reality simply speculations of the same class as the Opera or the Crystal Palace. The Albert Hall is nothing more than a joint-stock music hall, and the profits go to the proprietors. The International Exhibitions are practically carried on for the benefit of the staff which manages them. It has been suggested by the *Times* in favour of little annual Exhibitions that they are at least not such a nuisance as a Great Exhibition upsetting society at uncertain intervals. It is true that country cousins cannot make a point of attending annual shows, and residents in the metropolis are thus relieved from one of the inflictions which Great Exhibitions are apt to bring upon them. This year, as last year, the International Exhibition is simply a shopkeepers' bazaar, the gross mercantile aspects of which are veiled under a thin pretence of art. There is no great harm in this, perhaps; the Exhibition is a pleasant lounge; and if it pays, that is a proof that people like to go there. But it is surely time that a line should be drawn between the establishments at South Kensington with which the State is really identified, and the private commercial undertakings by which they are surrounded; and that Government officials should be kept to their proper work. For the present there seems to be a difficulty in devising an entertainment that will fill the Albert Hall. An experiment is now being made with twopenny concerts, and one of these days we shall perhaps find Clodoche on the bills. But when everything else has been tried, Cole C.B. has always one great card in reserve. When he has played out Royalty, he can play himself. Barnum was very successful in his lectures on Humberg; and several mediums who have exhausted the Spirit business have found it more profitable to expound the secret processes of the art. Cole C.B. on Human Nature in its South Kensington aspects could hardly fail to be an irresistible attraction.

#### THE BATTLE OF WAKEFIELD.

WE spoke lately of the English civil wars of the fifteenth century as contrasted with the earlier and later struggles of the thirteenth and of the seventeenth. We wish now to give some account of one of the particular battles which took place between the supporters of the rival Roses, a battle both remarkable in itself, and specially worthy of examination as having been made the subject of several popular misconceptions. It will be borne in mind that in the Parliament of October 1460 a compromise was agreed on between the claims of Henry the Sixth as the actual possessor of the Crown, and the claims of Richard, Duke of York, by virtue of an alleged hereditary right. Henry was to keep the crown for life, and Richard was to succeed at his death, and in the meanwhile to be Regent or Protector of the kingdom. The effect of this award was to cut off the succession of Edward, the son of the reigning King, and to put the Duke in his place as heir-apparent. Such an award was not likely to be acceptable to Queen Margaret, the mother of the Prince who was thus shut out, and it is especially noticed that several of the chief nobles of her party, the Dukes of Exeter and Somerset, the Earls of Northumberland and Devon, and many of the lords of the North, were not present at the Parliament. The Queen and her party therefore treated the award as a nullity, and thus the settlement which was meant to bring matters to a peaceful agreement led only to a continuance of the war. The one battle fought in this stage of it was that of Wakefield, in which Duke Richard lost his life, and in this his last fight he was at least formally in the right. He went forth as the recognized Protector and heir-apparent of the realm to put down a rising which had for its object the disturbance of a Parliamentary award. In this cause, on the 30th of December, 1460, Duke Richard died in the fight waged in the fields between the town of Wakefield and the Castle of Sandal.

In the narrative of this battle as commonly given, two tragical incidents especially stand out; Queen Margaret is made to be present in person; the Duke is taken prisoner and beheaded, with every circumstance of cruel mockery, and his head is presented to the Queen. One of the Duke's sons, Edmund, Earl of Rutland, described in the common story as a boy of tender years, is said to have been killed by Lord Clifford with his own hand, under circumstances of especial barbarity. In both of these stories there is reason to believe that there is a great deal of exaggeration, and it will be well to test the evidence on which they severally rest. But before this is done, it will be better, for the clearer understanding of the story, to give some description of the site where the battle took place.

The scene of the battle, the scene in any version of the death of the Duke, lies in the low ground between the town of Wakefield and the Castle of Sandal, which formed the Duke's headquarters. The town itself stands on a slight eminence above the left bank of the winding stream of the Calder, the river which receives the more famous stream of the Aire, the stream by whose banks the Conqueror tarried so long on his great march to win back Northumberland. The river flows through low and marshy ground on either side, rising on each side into irregular heights of no great elevation. One of the most picturesque of ancient bridges connects the town with the country to the south of it on the right bank of the river. And the bridge on its eastern side is crowned by a gem of mediæval art—perhaps we should more strictly say, by a facsimile of the gem, which has the same effect as

the original in calling up the general aspect of the place. This is the graceful chapel projecting over the river from the eastern side of the bridge, a chapel which has been restored almost to rebuilding in modern times, but which still reproduces the beautiful workmanship of the fourteenth century. Compare the chapel over the Calder at Wakefield with the boasted chapel by the Arno at Pisa, and we shall see how little need Englishmen—least of all Yorkshiremen—have to crowd their streets with buildings which forsake the forms of England for the forms of Italy. This "right goodly chapel of our Lady," as Leland calls it, on "the fair bridge of stone of nine arches under the which rennith the river of Calder," was a foundation of the townsmen of Wakefield, but the Dukes of York having obtained the mortmain for them, were formally held to be the founders. Out of this connexion with the House of York has probably grown the mythical belief that this chapel, whose architecture shows it to be a hundred years older than the battle, was founded for the good of the souls of those who died in it. Standing on the bridge and looking eastward, westward, and southward, as far as the smoke of Wakefield chimneys will let us look in any direction, several special points may be made out among the low and wooded hills which rise on either side. To the east, close above the right bank of the river, rises the hill crowned by the picturesque Elizabethan mansion of the Heath, which, as far as we know, does not connect itself with any of the events of the battle. But to the west, on the left bank of the river, lies the high ground of Thornes and Lupsett, and there is one special point, which is said to have played a part in the battle, and which at all events is remarkable on its own account. This is the small peaked hill, just outside the park of Thornes, immediately overlooking the town to the west, which bears the name, varied by endless local spellings, of Lawe or Lowe Hill. The former part of the name is of course the same as that which is found in the names of many heights in Northern Britain, the Old-English *hlæw*, the Gothic *hlain*, the word used by Ulfrics for the holy tomb, and which lives in a most corrupted shape in the Cuckamsley, the *Croichelmeshlaw*, of Berkshire topography. A central mound, seemingly, like so many others, a natural mound raised and improved by art, and surrounded by a deep ditch, crowns a series of slighter fortifications on the slope of the hill. The name, purely descriptive and not connected with any Teutonic *eponymos*, may suggest that it was a work of the conquered Welsh, which the English conquerors of the Brigantian land found in much the same state as it is now—a hill-fort which might have grown into a castle or into a city, but which the caprice of human affairs has left untouched among the surrounding dwellings of man. The very meaning of its name has been forgotten; the word *hlæw* ceased to carry any meaning with it to modern ears, and, as so often happens, another word of the same meaning was added as an explanatory description of the word which had passed into an unintelligible proper name. This Lowe or Lawe Hill, already so distinguished in the sixteenth century, has been thought, we know not exactly on what authority, to have been the headquarters of the Lancastrian side; it is more certain that the object itself connects itself most temptingly with the spot on the other side of the river which undoubtedly was the headquarters of the Yorkists. This is the Castle of Sandal, lying nearly due south of the town. A local legend preserved by Leland, one of a class which turns up everywhere, distinctly connects the history of the two hills. The castle, which was built at Sandal, was to have been built on Lawe Hill:—

A quarter of a mile without Wakefield aperith an Hille of Erth caste up, wher sum say that one of Erlas Warines began to build, and as fast as he buildid violence of Winde defaid the Work. This is like a fable. Sum say that it was nothing but a Wind Mille Hille. The place is now callid Lehille.

And there would seem to be thus much of truth in the legend, that a process actually did take place at Sandal which did not, though it might almost have been looked for, take place at Lawe Hill. A primeval fortress seems to have been taken advantage of in the building of the mediæval castle. In the present state of the place primeval and mediæval works are hopelessly confounded, or rather, as so often happens, the earlier works have survived the later. The works of the castle crown the highest point of a long sloping hill, lying between the river and the village of Sandal, whose cross church can hardly fail to draw attention by its central tower and choir of unusual length. The castle itself, a work of the Earl Warren of the days of Edward the Second, has sunk, save in one place, where some small portions of wall are left, into a confused heap of mounds and fosses, which it would need the eye of Mr. G. T. Clark to cover once more with the buildings which they once upheld and defended. A notion of the general effect may be got from a rude drawing of the Elizabethan age, which was published by the Society of Antiquaries. The castle itself was slighted in 1648, and the greater part of the stones seems to have been carefully carried away. But the ruin of the mediæval works brings out only more strongly the great mound with its ditch, of the same type as its fellow the Lawe Hill, but of considerably greater height and depth. Its value as a military post must have been great in days when the country could really be seen, whereas now the abiding smoke which turns the white fleeces of the sheep into black makes it hard to do more than guess at its features. On this height it was that Duke Richard took up his quarters on the 21st of December, 1460. The lords of the Queen's party who had rejected the award had gathered together their forces at York, and

the Duke had marched northwards to hinder their designs. He had come accompanied, among others, by his son, Edmund Earl of Rutland, and by Richard Earl of Salisbury, and Warwick, the father of the renowned King-maker. On their march they lost some men in an encounter with Somerset's forces at Worksop, but reached Sandal, as has already been said, at the head of 6,000 men. The Lancastrian forces were at Pontefract, and on the 29th of December the battle took place.

The received account of the battle comes from the chronicler Hall, of the time of Henry the Eighth. His version may be compared with several earlier authorities. There is one which, according to some theories of history, ought to be the most trustworthy of all—namely, the preamble to the Act of Parliament which declares the three Lancastrian Kings to have been usurpers, and Duke Richard to have been the King *de jure*. We have also the Chronicles of William of Worcester, of John Whethamstede, Abbot of St. Albans, and that of an anonymous monk of Crowland, commonly known as the "Continuato Crowlandensis." Their different accounts do not exactly agree with each other, but any one of them would be enough to convict Hall's version of a good deal of misrepresentation. First of all, was the Queen there? According to the version given by Hall and Fabyan, she would seem to have been in actual command, and the rash determination of Duke Richard to give battle is thrown by Hall into the form of a magnanimous speech, in which he refuses to keep himself shut up "for dread of a scolding woman, whose weapon is only her tongue and her nails." But the more trustworthy Crowland writer says of the Queen, "in partibus borealibus morabatur." But just at this point there seems to be something lost in his narrative, and he gives us no actual account of the battle. But if we follow William of Worcester, who seems to be by far the best authority, Margaret was certainly not now in Yorkshire, although she was in a part of the world which might still more truly come under the head of "partes boreales." According to this chronicler Margaret had fled into Scotland in July, as soon as the Parliament had been summoned for October ("Et dicta Regina Margareta, cum principe Edwardo filio suo, de Wallia per mare fugit in Scotiam"), and she did not come from Scotland to York till after the battle was over ("dicto bello finito, Regina Margareta venit de Scotia Eboraco"). The Act of Parliament makes no mention of Margaret at all, and Abbot Whethamstede, though he attributes the action of the Northern lords to her agency ("ad instantiam Domine Margarete Regine"), has not a word to imply that she was there in person. We can therefore have no doubt whatever in rejecting this part of Hall's story, and in setting down the alleged immediate share of the Queen in the death of Duke Richard as one of the exaggerations which were sure to gather round such a story.

On the 29th or 30th of December the battle took place. Setting aside the later version of Hall, we have two distinct accounts; that of William of Worcester, which is very sober and circumstantial, and that of Abbot Whethamstede, which is far more loose and high-flown, and seems to be quite romantic in some of its details. The Abbot also shows a less accurate knowledge of the ground than William of Worcester, for he gives no names to the places occupied by the two parties, and he says that the Duke's forces chose a place and encamped near the town ("elegantur ibi juxta villam sibi campum stationis erigentes tentoria"), while the Lancastrians were encamped not far off ("castrum metati non multum distanter a castris suis"). This is certainly not an accurate description of Sandal and Pontefract. We have also the Act of Parliament, but any one who wrote history wholly from the Statute-book would never find out that there was any battle at all. In the words of the Act the Duke was "falsely, traitorously, horribly, cruelly, and tyrannously murdered," all which, when translated into everyday language, simply means that he was killed in what, whatever we think of the justice of the war on either side, was at any rate a fair fight. According to Whethamstede a day was agreed upon for a battle ("dies inter partes appunctuatus super tempore praelationis"); but the Lancastrians treacherously set upon the Yorkists with superior numbers before the appointed day, when they were out foraging. This is a sort of story which turns up in a great many times and places, and the foraging party seems to be the only element of truth in it. It is of course out of this story that the tale grew about the challenge sent by the Queen and her party to the Duke, and the Duke's answer about her tongue and nails. But from William of Worcester it is plain that the battle was brought on by accident, owing to an attack made by the Lancastrians on the Duke's foraging parties ("gentibus ducis Eborum vagantibus per patriam pro victualibus querendis, factum est execrabile bellum"). At all events the Duke was tempted down from the height of Sandal, and it is just at the foot of the sloping hill that tradition places the place of his death. One huge and aged willow-tree and the stump of another, the remains of three which once stood there, is said to mark the exact spot. It is plain that the battle must have raged over all the low ground between the castle and the town. One peninsula formed by a bold bend of the river bears the name of *Pugnells*, a name which we do not profess to explain; but we need not say that local imagination has seized on it, and sees in it a Latin memory of the fight. Now comes the question as to the manner of the Duke's death. We may set aside all versions of the story which represent Margaret as an actor or a spectator, but Whethamstede distinctly says that he was taken alive, crowned and saluted in mockery, and then beheaded. But the Abbot almost pronounces the condemnation of his own story when he brings in the danger-

ous comparison:—"Non aliter quam Judæi (?) coram Domino incurvaverunt genua sua coram ipso"; and the story seems set aside by the distinct words of the Act of Parliament that the Duke and his companions, "after they were dede," were "heded with abhominable cruelte and horrible despite, against all humanite and nature of nobles." It is plain from William of Worcester that the Duke was killed in actual fighting, as was Thomas Neville, son of the Earl of Salisbury, and a number of men of all ranks amounting to 2,000. The Earl of Salisbury was taken prisoner the next night, not, as Hall says, wounded and taken prisoner in the conflict. In the fight the Earl of Rutland was stopped and killed on the bridge by Lord Clifford. This is really all that we know for certain. Earl Edmund, born, as William of Worcester carefully tells at the proper point of his annals, at Rouen on Monday, May 17th, 1443, at seven o'clock in the evening, was certainly not, as Hall makes him, a boy of twelve in December 1460; so that we may suspect that the pathetic tale in Hall, which has grown into a pathetic scene in Shakspeare, has a large mythical element in it. The plain story in William of Worcester runs thus:—

In crastino apud Pontfret bastardus Exonie occidit dictum comitem Sarum, ubi per concilium dominorum decollaverunt corpora mortua ducis Eborum et comitis Sarum et Rutland. . . . posueruntque capita eorum super diversas partes Eboraci. Capud quoque ducis Eboraci in respectu coronaverunt carta.

Leland seems to confound the death of the father and the son:—

In the flite of the Duke of Yorke's Parte, other the Duke hymself, or his sun therle of Rutland, was slayne a little above the Barres beyond the Bridge going up into the Towne of Wakefeld that standith ful fairly upon a clyving ground. At this place is set up a Crosse in rei memoriam. The commune saying is there that the Erie wold have taken ther a poore Woman's house for socour, and she for fere shet the Dore and strait the Erie was killid.

The story of this battle is worth examining, as showing at how late a time in our history a legendary element is still to be found, and as showing also, in the case of Abbot Whethamstede's version, how soon after the event that legendary element arose. And it is perhaps something to clear the character of Queen Margaret from any direct share in the brutalities done to the Duke dead or alive, though, as we do not read that she ordered his head to be taken down from the gate, she may still be looked on as in some sort an accomplice after the fact.

#### LORD CLARENCE PAGET AND THE ADMIRALTY.

SOME years ago, if we remember rightly, when Lord Clarence Paget made his second appearance in the House of Commons—his party was then in Opposition, and he himself sat in sturdy independence below the gangway—he discovered that several millions were missing in the Admiralty accounts. The money had been voted, but he was unable to make out where it had gone to. When Lord Clarence soon afterwards became Secretary to the Admiralty, it was understood that it would be his special mission to trace the missing millions. We are not aware, however, that during the whole time he was at the Admiralty he ever threw any light on the subject, nor was his administrative career remarkable for restless reforms or too eager economies. Lord Clarence has now returned from the command of the Mediterranean squadron, and it has been stated that he proposes to seek a seat in Parliament. In the meanwhile he has lost no time in reporting himself in a highly characteristic manner to the present Board. He has written to the *Times* to say that the recent accidents to ironclads are due to the false economy of the Admiralty, which has issued orders to the officers of the navy to keep down the consumption of coal, and the consequence is that officers prefer to lose their ships rather than incur the censure of "my Lords." If the *Captain* had had her engines in use she would have been luffed to the wind and saved. The reason why the *Agincourt* drifted crab-like on to the Pearl Rock was because she had not headway to stem the current. The *Defence* also drove from her anchors from want of steam-power. The *Lord Clyde* came to grief from a similar reason. Lord C. Paget's argument is in substance this—that ironclads have been lost from want of steam-power; that steam-power has not been used because the Admiralty discouraged it; and that the loss of the ships must therefore be laid at the door of the Admiralty. The officers of the navy, we are assured, "are a highly sensitive body of men, and, once impressed with the feeling that the consumption of coal is displeasing to the Admiralty, they will run all sorts of risks" rather than expose themselves to official rebuke. It is obvious that a number of questions of a very serious character are thus opened up. Were the ironclads which have lately been lost or damaged sacrificed because sufficient steam-power was not employed? If so, was this false economy of steam-power owing to the orders issued by the Admiralty? And, further, if the regulations produced this effect, are the officers of the navy entitled knowingly and deliberately to sacrifice their ships rather than run the risk of official censure? "Many officers of the highest merit and reputation," Lord Clarence says, "are wrecked in prospects and reputations." If they chose to wreck their prospects and reputations, of course that is their own business, and they must take the consequences. But were they entitled to wreck Her Majesty's ships on the chance of keeping on good terms with the Admiralty? Lord C. Paget seems to imply that they were; but the letters which have since



appeared in the *Times* in answer to his own will perhaps tend to reassure the public on this point. We will take these different questions in their order.

As to the cause of the disasters which have recently overtaken our ironclads, we should say that the loss of the *Captain* may fairly be attributed to the fact that steam was not used when it ought to have been. And in this opinion we are confirmed by "Rear-Admiral," who has written a letter asserting that "every sailor knows that the *Captain* was lost by carrying too much sail in endeavouring to prove that she could keep her station in the line under sail alone." No other ship in the squadron attempted to do the same, and no other ship was lost. It is true that the Admiral in command signalled, not exactly as Mr. Goschen puts it, that the ships should get up steam, but that they might do so if it was thought necessary. It is understood, however, that Captain Burgoyne had unfortunately conceived the idea that his credit depended on dispensing as far as possible with steam, and economizing coal to the utmost. It appears that the accident to the *Defence* was owing to a misunderstanding between the captain and the engineer as to the time that would be necessary to get up steam in all the boilers; the order to let slip the cable was given before the boilers had been connected. As to the cases of the *Agin-court* and *Lord Clyde* there may be room for controversy. Mr. Goschen has stated quite correctly that steam was up at the time when the ships came to grief; but it is doubtful whether, as Lord C. Paget argues, they might not have been saved if steam had been sooner resorted to. The next question is whether, assuming that an undue economy in the use of steam had anything to do with these disasters, this error can be fairly attributed to the rules laid down by the Admiralty. The rules which were in force down to the 25th of April last were to the effect that officers were to reduce the expenditure of coal on board their ships "to the lowest point consistent with the safety of their vessels, and the due performance of the service on which they may be employed." It was pointed out to officers that steam-power had been used when there was really no necessity for it, as, for example, "in leaving and entering harbours offering no difficulty to vessels under sail." All this appears to be reasonable enough, and the Secretary of the Admiralty at the time when these rules were drawn up may perhaps have been justified in thinking that they were not so strong as they should be. The date of these instructions is August 3, 1865; and Mr. Goschen obtained a personal triumph over Lord C. Paget when he announced that they were signed by his lordship, who was, in fact, the Secretary who did not think the instructions sufficiently stringent. The rules as to the use of steam-power were revised last week, and of course we can say nothing about the new rules until we see them. It is certainly not desirable that naval officers should discard sails and rely entirely upon steam-power in navigating their ships; and it cannot be denied that there has been a tendency to do so which required to be checked. One of the old objections to steamships, which is still reproduced in Admiral Rous's letters, was that steam would be fatal to the art of seamanship. As ships became kettles, in Admiral Rous's language, sailors would sink into engineers. It is obvious that if seamanship means, as we suppose it does, the art of managing ships at sea, the kind of management must depend very much upon the character of the ships; and that the seamanship which is suitable to full-rigged vessels is necessarily unsuitable to our modern ironclads. The truth would seem to be that the art of seamanship is being revolutionized by the changes which are taking place in the construction of ships, and that for the present there is some danger of officers falling between two stools—sails and steam. It is impossible to lay down any absolute rule as to the use of steam, but it is quite right that the Admiralty should remind officers in command of ships that sails are not yet obsolete, and that on certain occasions it is possible to navigate a ship without steam. The instructions of 1865 are sufficiently guarded on this point; and it cannot be seriously argued that, even if they were more stringent than they are, officers would be justified in deliberately wrecking their ships rather than lay themselves open to official censure.

Lord C. Paget's answer to Mr. Goschen is that the orders cautioning officers against the unnecessary use of fuel were issued at a time when we had but few ironclads, and when sanguine expectations were entertained as to their capacity as cruisers. We have now a strong fleet of ironclads, and experience has proved that their sailing qualities were overrated. There is something in this, no doubt; but Lord Clarence has missed, we think, the weakest point in his adversary's case. Rules may be guarded and moderate in themselves, but it is certain that they will always be construed by the light of the official declarations and professed policy of the Government of the day. The Board who issued the order against using steam when sails were available were not identified in the minds of the service or of the public with a policy of rigid economy. It was understood that they desired that coals should not be wasted, and that seamanship should be cultivated; but nobody supposed that the question of the amount of coals consumed in working a ship was regarded as of paramount importance. Economy, however, has been the great cry of the present Government. Mr. Gladstone stumped the country with it when in Opposition. He and his colleagues have been continually bragging in the House of Commons about their "heroic efforts" to cut down the Estimates. Administrative economy has been held out as the great object and duty of Govern-

ment. It is not surprising that, when so much emphasis is laid on this one point, and when everything else is regarded as of minor consequence, if of any consequence at all, the minds of officers in the public service should be very much directed towards economy, that they should have it constantly before them that their business is above everything to keep down expenses, and that for the sake of standing well with "my Lords," and making the most of their chances of promotion, they should set themselves to consider, not so much what is best to be done, but how to combine the certainty of cheapness with a probability of safety. If there is any risk to be run, it must not be, they feel, on the side of a heavy expenditure. It is monstrous to suppose, as Lord C. Paget would seem to suggest, that officers would consciously and deliberately sacrifice their ships rather than be rebuked by the Admiralty. Of course they imagine that they can keep their ships safe; only they are tempted to cut things rather too fine for the sake of making a good figure in regard to expenses in the eyes of the Board. Sir J. Pakington and other members of the House of Commons were personally insulted by Mr. Baxter because they ventured to suggest that possibly it might be worth while not to spare a few pounds in order to make sure that the *Megara* was quite safe for a voyage to the other end of the world. It may be imagined what sort of reception a master shipwright or a carpenter would have met with who dared to hint at anything of the kind. A man in that position would no doubt have it very much impressed upon his mind that, if he thought it worth while to stop in the service, and especially if he cherished any hope of advancement, he had better set himself to think of all sorts of ways to cut down expenses, and try to convince himself, if possible, that no repairs were needed. Economy, of course, is a very important thing in its way, and it is highly necessary that in the public service it should receive due consideration; but there is an obvious danger in setting up economy before and above everything else, and making it the leading principle of Ministerial policy. Some of the fruits of this blunder we have now to deplore.

#### THE TWO THOUSAND.

WHEN Xanthus ran Almoner to a head and beat Laburnum by a neck in the Newmarket Biennial, one of two conclusions was inevitable. Either Xanthus must have improved a stone—and his good looks gave a certain amount of justification for this idea—or the whole Biennial form was decidedly inferior. But when, a few days later, Xanthus, carrying no more than a fair racing weight, was beaten out of sight in the City and Suburban, it became difficult to see how any of the Biennial horses could have a chance with Cremorne and Queen's Messenger, both of whom so easily disposed of Xanthus last season. Besides this pair there was Prince Charlie, who, both in looks and merits, held unquestioned preeminence over all the two-year-olds of 1871; and only his admitted infirmity prevented impartial judges from regarding the Two Thousand as a foregone conclusion for the magnificent son of Blair Athol. It was, indeed, impossible to forget the experience of the last few years, when horses like Paris, Liddington, and Belladrum, all of whom suffered from a similar affection of the throat, were compelled to succumb at the final hill, just when victory seemed within their grasp. It has come, in fact, to be considered an axiom that no roarer can win the Two Thousand, still less the Derby; and though a roarer has this week won, and won easily, the former race, the axiom will probably be verified in nineteen years out of twenty. The warmest friends of Prince Charlie, who made no attempt to deny the fact of his infirmity, were yet so impressed with his extraordinary merits as to aver that he could quite afford to give his opponents all the advantage they might obtain from his roaring, and still be able to win; and certainly the event justified their confidence. It was heavy handicapping, though; like Dundee's gallant struggle for the Derby with three legs; and, if there had been nothing the matter with his respiration, there is no telling how far or how easily he would have won. The prophets were all wrong in another thing also; for they said with one accord that, though Prince Charlie might come along as far as the dip, with the race apparently in hand, the final ascent would stop him. On the contrary, when coming down the hill into the Abingdon bottom, he did seem to falter a little; but directly he touched the ascent he recovered himself at once, and went further and further away from Cremorne at every stride. And we venture to express an opinion that in the Derby the most critical point for him will be the descent of the hill to Tattenham Corner. It is worth remembering, however, that the Derby is run this year on the new course, which is far easier than the old one, inasmuch as the first part of the race will be over level ground. In the old course there was a severe hill to climb from the very start, and this was sure to be fatal to a roarer; Belladonna, for instance, who ran a good second for the Two Thousand, being hopelessly beaten in the Derby in the first three hundred yards. The alteration of the course is clearly an additional point in Prince Charlie's favour.

To come to the actual proceedings of the Two Thousand day, we may remark that all the expected starters ran, the following fourteen coming to the post:—Almoner, Xanthus, and Laburnum—the leading three in the Biennial—Prince Charlie and Cremorne

—the chief two-year-old winners of last year—the unbeaten Queen's Messenger, and Bethnal Green, Wellingtonia, Landmark, Lighthouse, Helmet, Statesman, Wenlock, and King Lud. Of these only eight were saddled in the birdcage, but among these eight were Prince Charlie, Xanthus, Laburnum, Almoner, and Bethnal Green. When the Biennial runners were saddled, Xanthus was universally singled out as a remarkably fine-looking horse, but here he looked merely a pigmy by the side of his gigantic stable companion Prince Charlie. This latter is not only of great size, standing nearly seventeen hands high, but also of great quality, without any of that coarseness that so often distinguishes large horses, and that was particularly noticeable in Prince Charlie's half-brother Camel. He was brought out in the most perfect condition, and the only exception that could be taken to his general appearance was the somewhat disproportionate slowness of his forelegs to the great weight of his body. Almoner was but a little pony after Prince Charlie, and looked as well as on the Biennial day. Indeed it would have been impossible to have made him fitter than he was when he won the first great three-year-old race of the season. Bethnal Green was wiry and well trained, but Laburnum did not take the eye after such handsome and shapely horses as Prince Charlie and Almoner. A better tempered field probably never faced the starter, who had no difficulty in getting them away at the very first attempt. At a rather slow pace Queen's Messenger—at a great disadvantage to himself—led the way across the flat, and it reads rather like a satire on the theory that racehorses can be judged by a time test, when we discover that the three leaders in the Biennial, run at a much faster pace over the same course only a fortnight ago, were among the first beaten in the Two Thousand. In fact, as we ventured to suggest, Queen's Messenger held all the Biennial horses safe; and in Prince Charlie and Cremorne he met two antagonists possessed of a greater turn of speed than himself. Whether they are better stayers time will prove. At the Bushes it was evident that there were only Prince Charlie and Cremorne left in the race; and descending the hill Prince Charlie seemed rather to falter, and Mr. Savile's horse was going so well within himself, and pulling double, that shouts were raised in his behalf. Osborne, however, one of the most steady and judicious of horsemen, never attempted to bustle his horse, but rather allowed Cremorne to take a momentary lead, which in the dip might perhaps have amounted to about a quarter of a length. And, by the way, there can be no doubt that a very big horse requires the most judicious handling down a hill. Up a hill, if he can go up a hill at all, the faster he is sent along the better. It was so on this occasion with Prince Charlie and his rider. Kept well in hand till the Abingdon bottom was fairly reached, he was let out the moment the ascent commenced. And directly he was let out, he was level with, and then, in another instant, a neck in advance of, Cremorne. Once in advance of him, instead of losing ground, he gained it at every stride; and, as his strides are very much longer than Cremorne's, the lead lost by Mr. Savile's horse could never be regained, and the big "roarer" won easily by a neck, with perhaps a great deal in hand. Though beaten, Cremorne was in no way disgraced—on the contrary, we are disposed to think that he never ran a better race in his life, and we are glad to see that the recollection of many severe races run, and of much severe punishment received last year, has not indisposed him to make an effort when called upon this year. Four lengths off, Queen's Messenger finished third; but, with a scope of ground, and under more advantageous circumstances of running, Lord Falmouth's horse will most likely fulfil the highest expectations that have been formed of him. To be beaten, however, by four lengths is a very considerable defeat; and, at first sight, it seems that, on public running, there was no Derby form behind the leading pair. We cannot consent to this verdict in the case of Queen's Messenger, because we are sure that he ran under every disadvantage in the Two Thousand, having to make his own running, when staying and not speed is his forte, and not being able to make it fast enough to shake off two horses who could rely on their tremendous turn of speed when it was necessary to commence racing in earnest. But we would not be understood as speaking one word in disparagement of Prince Charlie and Cremorne; indeed, if the former gets safely round Tattenham Corner, there is nothing that can cope with his enormous stride; and though he is a roarer, it must be remembered that his canter is like another horse's gallop. But we repeat that, in our opinion, if his chance is jeopardized at all in the Derby, it will be in the descent of the hill to the Corner. It can hardly be thought worth while to discuss the Derby chances of the horses that ran in the Two Thousand behind the leading three, as long as the leading three keep sound and well; and the days of dark outsiders, kept in reserve and not brought out before the Derby, are, we may venture to say, well nigh over. On public running, however, there is one horse—Onslow—who, if he is brought fit and well to the post, will be eagerly scrutinised on the Derby day; and it may not be out of place to mention that he is a stable companion of Prince Charlie. Under the most favourable circumstances, however, it appears that the Derby of 1872 can be said to be hardly an open race.

## REVIEWS.

## CLARK'S EARLY ROMAN LAW.\*

MR. CLARK tells us in his Introduction that "a crossfire from jurists and historians may not unreasonably assail an encroacher on the debateable ground between the two provinces." We are inclined to doubt whether the provinces of the jurist—as distinguished from the mere professional lawyer—and the historian are two provinces. The historian need not be qualified to act as judge or as counsel in a court of the time and place of which he is writing. But, unless he understands the main outlines of the laws of that time and place, the broad principles on which they rest, and the historical origin of its chief enactments, he will make but strange work of his history. On the other hand, experience has proved that no stranger work can be made of anything than has been made both of law and history by lawyers who assume that the arbitrary rules of a certain age must have existed from all eternity, and who, when they stoop to look at the documents of earlier times at all, only try to force them into agreement with their own preconceived theories. But of course there are two, or rather many, provinces, so far as this, that one inquirer may be led by his tastes to give special attention to the legal antiquities of a people, while another may feel himself more strongly drawn to the religious, the military, or any other aspect of them. But, though one inquirer may give himself especially to one branch, he cannot afford wholly to neglect other branches. The historian must, at least in a general way, understand the laws of the nation about which he is writing, and the jurist must, at least in a general way, understand the facts of its history.

We will carry out our own doctrine as to special inquirers taking special branches, by saying that the parts of Mr. Clark's book to which we are most drawn are the few chapters just at the end. Mr. Clark there gets upon Constitutional Law. The early Roman Constitution is, as every one knows, an old subject of controversy. No two scholars ever come to exactly the same conclusions. The two latest writers on the subject, at least the two latest we know of, are Mr. Clark himself and Professor Seeley. And Mr. Clark and Professor Seeley do not wholly agree about the *Comitia Centuriata*. Indeed we should be a little surprised if any two scholars did agree on some of these points, on which the thought is always suggesting itself to us that the wisest plan is not to come to any conclusion at all. Mr. Clark himself, for instance, has gone most carefully through the subject which he has taken in hand. He has set to work as an independent inquirer; he has got together, we feel certain, pretty well all that is to be got together in the shape of authorities bearing on the first stage of Roman Law, and in forming his own inferences he does not at all bind himself to follow in the wake of any earlier inquirer. His book is a small one, but it contains a great mass of matter, and it shows how many and various are the quarters to which a man must go to find out all that is to be found out about the earliest stage of Roman Law. Yet the chief impression which Mr. Clark gives us is a feeling which strikes us rather painfully, a feeling how very little there is to be found out after all. Perhaps we are not quite fair judges. Those who learned Roman History as Roman History was taught thirty years back are apt to be puzzled at the present state of things. In those days Niebuhr was the guide, and it must be allowed that he was at least a very fascinating guide, especially as expounded by his English interpreter Arnold. Niebuhr himself needed such an interpreter, but, when he was so interpreted, the state of things was very pleasant. The system at least hung well together. Each part of the theory fitted into every other part; we had the satisfaction of thinking that we knew all about the real state of things in the early days of Rome, and that we could have corrected Livy or Cicero on a great many points in the laws and history of their own commonwealth. This happy state of belief was perhaps not likely to last long; the thing was too perfect. It was too well jointed and squared, and later reflection brought about the feeling that, after all, we were perhaps no safer in binding ourselves to the divination of Niebuhr than if we had bound ourselves to the tradition of Livy. The fabric fell with a crash, and in many minds nothing has come to take its place. It soon became plain that for a great deal that we had come to believe on the authority of Niebuhr there was absolutely no authority at all except that of Niebuhr. We therefore ceased to believe in Niebuhr as an infallible guide, and this shock to our faith has not predisposed us either to choose any new guide in his place, or to set up ourselves as guides either to ourselves or to others. The breakdown of our early belief rather inclines us to the suspicion that there is really nothing to be made out about the matter at all. This is no doubt a hasty conclusion; but it is also a hasty conclusion that Niebuhr is to be thrown aside altogether. Though Niebuhr's fabric, as a whole fabric, will not stand, though his power of divination may be left in the same limbo as that of his brother augurs, yet a great deal may still be learned from his method. In his time the Comparative method of study had not been brought to perfection; but Niebuhr perfectly understood that, in times where there is no contemporary or other trustworthy authority, a comparison with the analogous institutions of other countries will often prove

\* *Early Roman Law. The Regal Period.* By E. C. Clark, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.



at least as much as the direct notices of men who wrote when early institutions were no longer understood. Niebuhr also thoroughly understood the sort of indirect evidence which may be got out of such later notices, something in the style of the undesignated coincidences by which writers on Christian evidences seek to confirm the truth of the Scriptural narrative. Both these lines of argument may, like all others, be easily pressed too far; but it seems to us that Niebuhr made a really good use of both, and that some of the later lights have rather neglected them. Take, for instance, the two or three passages in which Livy unmistakably distinguishes *populus* and *plebs*, when he speaks, for instance, of a thing being done "a plebe consensu populi." Now the value of such a passage as this arises from the fact of its inconsistency with other passages. Livy, as a rule, makes no such distinction. That is to say, when he was speaking his own words, he did not take any pains to recognize a distinction which in his time was forgotten; but in such passages as we have just quoted he can only be copying, without fully understanding, the words of some document of a time when the distinction was remembered. To our mind such an indirect witness as this proves more than any direct statement of any writer so far removed from the time spoken of as all those are to whom we have to trust in those matters. So again, some traditions of the earliest times, though absolutely void of external evidence, carry with them a certain internal confirmation. The story that Romulus reigned in partnership with the Sabine Tatius rests on no more direct evidence than the story that he was suckled by a wolf. Yet we may be quite certain that the story of the joint royalty has a real groundwork of fact. The personal adventures of the two Kings, indeed the personality of the Kings themselves, are purely mythical, yet we can have very little doubt in accepting the story as witnessing to a union of Latin and Sabine elements in the Roman State. It is a sort of tale which there could have been very little temptation to invent, and the state of things to which it points is quite in harmony with the policy of Rome from the first days of her Commonwealth to the last days of her Empire.

Mr. Clark has brought together a great mass of valuable matter in an accessible form, but we could have wished that he had enlivened his arguments by a freer use of the Comparative method. He plainly feels its use. Speaking of Solon, he says, "How much of what is commonly attributed to him can be connected on historical grounds with our own Alfred?" Very little of course; but the example of Alfred might be used to show that when real legislators, like Solon, Servius, and Alfred, pass into the mythical stage, institutions both older and later than their time get fathered upon them. They are said to have invented in their present form institutions of which the present form is much newer, while the original germ is much older, than their own day. In the case of Alfred, just as in the case of Charles the Great, we can check the legend by the history, and we can thus see the kind and degree of truth which is likely to be preserved in such a legend as that of Servius. Of course such a process can never teach us details; but then our position is that we can never hope to learn any details at all. Here and there by some accident a fragment may survive, but as a rule it is hopeless to look for details of times of which we have no sort of contemporary record. So again, Mr. Clark has brought together all the authorities on the subject of the early Questors. Here again the two lines of argument which we have suggested come in. We get mention of questors in early times whose functions were altogether different from the Questors of the historical period. Here we plainly have a genuine piece of early antiquity. The process of misconception would lead men to attribute to the Questors of early times the functions of the questors of their own day; it would never lead them to imagine questors whose functions were altogether different from anything which they were used to. We may therefore feel quite certain that there were in early times Questors who had to deal with questions of blood, and whose functions therefore were widely different from those of the fiscal Questors in the days of Cicero and Cæsar. But here again the Comparative method supplies us with help, and the vast number of examples in which we find among ourselves the same name applied to offices the functions of which are utterly different. Take, for instance, three familiar titles among ourselves—those of Chancellor, Dean, and Constable. It is certain that some of the officers called by those names differ as much from one another as the later Questors differed from the early *questores parricidii*. Yet in the known cases it is possible to trace up the widely different offices now called by the same name to some common origin or some common idea, and the chances are therefore very strong in favour of the two uses of the word Questor having originally had some connexion. Then again, the Comparative method may be used, not only between one language or people and another, but even within the limits of the same language. Mr. Clark, for instance, follows the doctrine of Varro, that the consuls were so called a *consulendo*, from consulting the Senate. We answer that we cannot admit any explanation of the last syllable of the word *consul* which does not also explain the last syllable of the analogous forms *praesul* and *caul*. But when we find Mommsen and Professor Seeley and Mr. Clark failing to agree as to the use of the word *pater* in such a phrase as *auctoritas patrum*, and on the kindred subject of the original composition of the *Comitia Curia*, we are inclined to say that they are disputing about what never can be found out, because we have nothing to go upon, except the language of writers in later times when it is quite certain that the original nature of

the institution would no longer be understood. But, if we rise from details to the general question of the origin of the wide distinction of orders which is so conspicuous throughout all Roman history, the Comparative method will again help us. The ruling order, where there is a ruling order, in a State has arisen in various ways. Sometimes it is immemorial. We find it already established in the earliest times of which history or tradition gives us any glimpse. This is the case with the distinction of *erolus* and *cerolus* in the early days of our own and other Teutonic nations. But we see that the nobility of the *erolus* gradually gave way to the later nobility of *pognas*; a close parallel to the way in which we find in Rome itself an earlier nobility of *patries* and a later nobility of *nobiles*. So again, in the history of Florence, after the old nobility had been disfranchised, something nearly equivalent to a new nobility grew up among the great families of the commons. Some ruling orders have arisen out of differences of race through conquest, or through the refusal to admit new comers to the full franchise. Others again have arisen in the bosom of an already existing community, as was notably the case with the patrician order of Venice. If we admit that theory of the origin of the Roman patricians which sees in them the descendants of the first appointed set of senators, we shall have an exact parallel to the origin of the aristocracy of Venice; while the theory which looks upon them as a body of old citizens will find equally good parallels in the history of many municipal commonwealths. All these possibilities should be borne in mind by the inquirer, and he should examine which of them best falls in with such indications as we have in this particular case. But of course different minds will see all these things in different lights, and there is no hope of finding certainty or general agreement. The mistake, both on the part of Niebuhr and of others since Niebuhr, seems to us to lie in looking for certainty in matters where no certainty is to be had.

We owe some apology to Mr. Clark for writing an essay of our own under cover of reviewing his book. But his book does not supply much matter for reviewing, strictly so called; while it suggests much matter for thought as to many questions, questions, some of them, which those who were brought up under quite another state of things may perhaps be forgiven if they do not always look at exactly in the way which is most fashionable at the moment.

#### LEVI'S HISTORY OF BRITISH COMMERCE.\*

IN a volume of imposing appearance Professor Leone Levi has endeavoured to execute a task of no small difficulty. His purpose is to give a history of the development of British commerce during the last century which shall have a wider scope than the elaborate records of MacPherson and Anderson, or than Tooke and Newmarch's *History of Prices*. One difficulty is obvious at the outset. A History of Commerce has undoubtedly an imposing sound, but it is rather difficult to form a precise definition of its proper province. What should such a History include, and what should it decline as irrelevant? If the historian takes a humble view of his duties, his book may sink into a mere collection of statistical tables, with just so much comment as is necessary to render them intelligible. But Professor Levi's ambition soars above this modest design. He wishes to be an historian rather than an annalist; and, if not to discover any general laws of commercial development, at least to give us a survey which will render it easier for future students to lay down some general principles. And yet directly we put off from the safe shores of statistical information, we are in danger of launching into a boundless ocean of inquiry. Everything, in fact, which affects the social or political development of a nation has a more or less powerful influence upon its commerce. Wars, even when not directly prompted, as they have frequently been, by the jealousies of traders, help materially to determine the channels in which commerce is to flow. Political changes have an immense influence upon commerce, by extending or restricting the liberty of the productive classes, by affecting theories of taxation, and in a thousand other ways. The intellectual progress of a nation is of primary importance as facilitating the various scientific discoveries by the practical application of which commerce has in late years been revolutionized. Every social change, such as the abolition of slavery or serfdom, is directly relevant. In short, we come at once upon the difficulty which results whenever we attempt to isolate one particular class of phenomena from the general current of human progress. A complete history of the development of commerce would almost involve a complete history of every other kind of development which has taken place in the nation during a given period. The attempt to record the commercial order of things by itself is like the attempt to give a history of a man's digestive apparatus without saying anything about the other organs towards which it is always in a state of action and reaction.

We do not of course say this by way of implying that such a monogram may not be of great utility, but merely to illustrate the difficulty which Professor Levi has obviously felt of knowing where to draw the line. At one moment he is tempted to diverge into an account of the great inventions, which would give a personal interest to his narrative; and at another into a discussion of the changes of internal or of foreign policy, which

\* *History of British Commerce, and of the Economic Progress of the British Nation, 1763-1870.* By Leone Levi. London: Murray. 1872.

would lead him into a wider field of inquiry. Whether he has, in fact, been altogether felicitous in his selection of topics is a matter which we feel scarcely competent to decide. The only way of settling such points is by experiment. We can only say that until somebody has succeeded in devising a better arrangement, Professor Levi's book is likely to be of considerable service. It brings together a large mass of information clearly arranged, and, though we may here and there complain of an omission, and occasionally perhaps desire an omission, we may take it as a very fair attempt to execute a rather difficult design. The book, beginning with the conclusion of the Seven Years' War, is divided into five parts, of which the first four end respectively with the outbreak of the French Revolution, the resumption of cash payments, the beginning of Peel's administration in 1842, and the commercial crisis of 1857, whilst the last comes down to 1870. The great heroes of these epochs—for something of personal interest obtrudes itself even into the severe region of facts and figures—are Pitt, Huskisson, Peel, Cobden, and Mr. Gladstone. If it had not been for the annoying episode of the French Revolution, which caused us to retrograde for a time into a policy of restrictions and international jealousies, the history might be regarded as a series of victories over the monster Protection. Each of Professor Levi's heroes distinguished himself more or less by assaults upon that blatant beast of the commercial epic. Pitt's French treaty of 1786 did something to show the two nations their true interests; and Huskisson, Peel, and Mr. Gladstone each did much towards striking off the shackles by which the energies of the country had been fettered. What marvellous consequences have ensued from these achievements, how the commerce of the country has risen in a century from ten to three hundred millions, how the predictions of all manner of prophets of evil have been falsified, and how the removal of Protection has infused new life even into the industries which were supposed to stand in need of artificial encouragement, is the main theme of Professor Levi's narrative. Occasionally he rises to loftier flights, and a good many pages are dedicated to the delightful intricacies of Bank Charter Acts and currency controversies. On the whole, however, the history is almost a continued panegyric upon the blessings of Free-trade; it is a prolonged comment on the text of the extreme folly of men in knocking out each other's brains, instead of bartering their products, and in injuring themselves in the vain attempt to monopolize the advantages of commerce.

Political economists have of late dwelt rather more than of old upon the darker shades of the picture. They have discussed the growing inequalities of wealth, which have been aggravated by the development of our national riches; they have pointed to the masses of pauperism which have shown no signs of disappearing under the genial influence of general prosperity; and they have doubted whether a people is necessarily much the happier because it imports millions of pounds of cotton where two or three generations ago it only imported one. Such considerations as these, however, lie outside of Professor Levi's path. His book should be a reassuring one for the prophets of evil who flourish now as they have flourished in all periods; and it is scarcely possible to rise from a perusal of its pages without an impression that we are rushing straight into a millennium—rather different, it is true, from that which gladdens the heart of Dr. Cumming. Our author shows a genuine enthusiasm, if not precisely the most exalted which can enter into the mind of man. When we break from the charmed circle, and become alive to the various evils of a different character which still surround us in other departments of life, we are perhaps tempted to think that Professor Levi has been introducing us to something of a fool's paradise. We cannot, however, enter upon a discussion of which, to say the truth, we are in no danger of losing sight at the present time. The natural limitations of Professor Levi's task are perhaps a sufficient justification for that glow of commercial enthusiasm which pervades his book, and which entraps us for a moment into the belief that the genuine rights of man are all being secured by the simple process of abolishing objectionable tariffs. We must admit, however, that Professor Levi is rather more addicted than we could desire to a kind of platitude which has become rather wearisome to us. He rises to an enthusiasm which we find it hard to share about that "great event in the history of modern civilization—the International Exhibition of 1851." He dwells fondly upon the "tasteful decorations" of the Egyptian Hall at a dinner, or, as he prefers to call it, a "banquet," held to celebrate the occasion. "On each side of the lofty Corinthian columns" were arranged trophies of the chief articles of productive industry of different countries. In one such trophy, for example, were combined "a sickle, sheaves of corn, a fitch of bacon, and a cheese." Inexpressibly cheering, no doubt, to the commercial mind, and far better than trophies of destructive implements; and yet, as we are half inclined to fancy, the mention of them is slightly below the dignity of history. Professor Levi, indeed, tells us that "better than any gaudy ornaments were the noble words" spoken by the late lamented Prince Consort; and without paying them any very high compliment, we may admit that it was probably more exhilarating to listen to them than to contemplate a fitch of bacon and a cheese.

As may be inferred from this specimen, Professor Levi has rather a taste for that kind of platitude which finds favour with the reporters of the eloquence of banquets. He calls the Judges "those pillars of political acumen which adorn our temples of justice"; and he every now and then bursts into such a bit of eloquence as the following, *à propos* of some remarks upon the laws of copyright:—"Thankful should we be that the reputation of British literature for

variety and solidity, as well as for freedom from license and high tone of morals, is unexcelled by the literature of any other country!" Here again is another remark, rather more appropriate, but which strikes us as verging upon the commonplace:—"How illiberal, how repulsive to natural law does it seem that England and France should have so long considered each other as natural enemies, and that they should have sacrificed their best interests to petty jealousies and diplomatic quarrels!" What a pity it is, in fact, that people had not appreciated the teaching of Cobden in the time of Joan of Arc! Unluckily mankind has to get on by degrees. These little ebullitions, if not very profound moralizing, are probably introduced to relieve the occasional dryness of the subject. We have no particular objection to make to them; but one or two other topics appear to us to be rather more seriously out of place. Thus, for example, we have a brief account of the civil war in America. It is introduced by way of accounting for the cotton famine and the other economical effects of that war upon English commerce. But it is not only meagre and unsatisfactory, but obviously superfluous. If Professor Levi is to go into the history of all the wars which have affected our commerce, his book would be boundless; if he cannot give a full account of them, he had better confine himself to mentioning the fact that they did occur, and describing the influence which they exerted on trade. As it is, in this and several other instances, he goes far enough to confuse the thread of his main narrative without going far enough to be really interesting. The fault, though not a very grave one, shows that he has scarcely realized with sufficient distinctness the precise end of his book; and consequently we have sundry rather dry digressions which might better have been omitted entirely. Making allowance, however, for the difficulties of a rather novel task, we may say that the book is on the whole creditable to his powers of putting together a narrative which is not in itself easy to tell, as it is certainly creditable to his patience and industry.

#### THE LONDON PARKS.\*

THE Mr. Jacob Larwood whose name figures on the title-page of these volumes was previously known to fame as joint author with Mr. John Camden Hotten of a *History of Sign-boards*; and, if we mistake not, the same Sternhold-and-Hopkins arrangement was at one time announced as intended to be followed in the present work, as also in a *History of Advertising*, which has not yet seen the light of day. Charles Lamb calls this practice of two eminent writers combining their powers a "noble habit," and although the *Story of the London Parks* has only to boast the name of Mr. Hotten in his more strictly professional character of publisher, we can hardly doubt that either his or some kindred spirit, if such there be, has in this instance also helped to lighten the burden of Mr. Jacob Larwood. The discoveries now communicated to the world are too startling and too varied to be by any possibility the achievements of a single investigator. Two daring explorers had to combine their efforts before the first of the Nyanzas was brought to light, and the toils of a third traveller were necessary before the inevitable *Victoria* was made symmetrical by the addition of the still more inevitable *Albert*. And the same principle holds good with the less dangerous, though perhaps still more laborious, researches of literary adventurers. When, therefore, at the fourth page, on the very threshold of our reading, we came upon the following announcement of the explosion of one vulgar error that had darkened the page of history for full five centuries, we felt certain that others must follow this brilliant opening, and that the Parks as well as the Pot-houses had their Hopkins as well as their Sternhold. Speaking of the abbots of Westminster, our authors say:—

So comfortable had the good monks by this time made the manor of Neyte, that no less a person than John of Gaunt, titular King of Castile, and BROTHER of King Edward III., did not think it beneath his dignity to take up his abode in it.

This discovery, which amongst other things sets the origin of the Wars of the Roses in altogether a new point of view, may be called the *Victoria* Find, and was in due course followed by the *Albert*. If we were startled to learn that John of Gaunt was the uncle, not the brother, of the Black Prince, what were our emotions on hearing that our old friend the *School for Scandal* was a novel, not a play, and that its author was Henry Fielding, not Richard Brinsley Sheridan!—

No admirer of the squeamish Richardson was he, this Henry Fielding, "our immortal Fielding," as Gibbon calls him; he had no sentimental appointment in the Mall, but he studied there the originals which he depicted in his novels. There he observed Lady Booby, Bliffl, Lady Bellaston, *Charles and Joseph Surface*, and the rest of them.—II. 192.

Although these perhaps must be regarded as the most signal and crowning triumphs of our authors, there are numerous others which bear the marks of no common hands, and which could never have been the work of one pot of paste or a single pair of scissors. Let us give some specimens. We all remember the anecdote communicated to Mr. Croker by Sir Walter Scott, in which the old Lord Auchinleck describes his "son Jamie" as "off with the land-loupin' scoundrel of a Corsican," and "on wi' an auld dominie who keepte a schule and cau'd it an academy." We now find that both the hot old judge and Sir Walter were altogether mistaken

\* *The Story of the London Parks*. By Jacob Larwood. 2 vols. London: John Camden Hotten.



in the order of events; that for some inscrutable reason every one of Johnson's biographers has post-dated the famous journey to the Hebrides by at least seven years; and that Boswell, instead of waiting till 1785, when the great man was dead, to publish his journal, had rushed into print fully seventeen years before:—

In the beginning of October 1769, James Boswell, Dr. Johnson's save-all, had the gratification to lead a foreign "lion" about Hyde Park. "On Sunday last," says the *Public Advertiser* (October 4, 1769), "General Paoli, the Corsican hero, accompanied by James Boswell, Esq., took an airing in Hyde Park in his coach." . . . No doubt this paragraph found its way into the papers through Boswell's own instrumentality. Boswell was at that time a great man—certainly in his own, if not in the public opinion. He had already published his *Tour to the Hebrides*, that amusing journal of a learned monster, written by his showman, who constantly discovers a pleasant apprehension that the beast will play the savage too furiously, and toss and gore the company instead of entertaining them.—I. p. 165.

With regard to our great novelists our authors have been peculiarly fortunate in obtaining access to exclusive sources of information. We have already mentioned the fact of their having restored to Fielding the *School for Scandal*, a novel which had only hitherto been known to us in the state in which one Sheridan had "adapted" it for the boards; and their "finds" in the case of Fielding's great predecessor and rival, Richardson, are still more remarkable; for, as far as we are aware, the "other novels" whose existence is pointed out in the following paragraph are still utterly unknown to the public. We are eager to peruse them, and hope that our author's reticence as to their names is owing to the circumstance that Mr. Hotten is about to reprint them, and fears to be anticipated by some bookseller of less scrupulousness and delicacy of mind:—

The *habitués* of the Mall about this time might have observed once or twice a week a remarkably thoughtful elderly gentleman passing through, and, had they followed him, they would have seen that he went his way, and up the "King's private road" (now King's Road) to North End, Fulham. That man was Samuel Richardson, the author of "Pamela," "Grandison," "Clarissa Harlowe," and other novels.

What a remarkable circumstance it would be if it turned out that one of these "other novels" had been hitherto ascribed to Fielding, and that the histories of Pamela Andrews and of her brother Joseph should be proved to have proceeded from one and the same hand! We are partial to Fielding, and should regret if this were the case, for his reputation would lose more by the taking away of Parson Adams than our authors have gained for it by the restitution of Charles and Joseph Surface. There are other points mentioned about Fielding which must be derived from sources hitherto unexplored. They could not have learned from the Hogarth and Garrick portrait that he had a "jolly face" (ii. 193), and the work must still be in MS. in which Charles Lamb has recorded that his laugh "cleared the air" (ii. 193). It had always pleased us to imagine that Fielding's look and bearing were full of manly dignity, and we still seem to remember that the person to whose laugh Elia imputed that peculiar salutary effect was a Somersetshire founding named Thomas Jones. Other descriptions will at first sight appear strange to readers who have not had the peculiar advantages enjoyed by our authors. Ignorant people who have only studied the common histories and looked at the ordinary portraits would hardly imagine that the "placid, debile, little Dutchman" of vol. i. p. 85, and "his dull, stocking-knitting spouse" of two pages further on, were photographs of the haughty, iron-nerved King William and his Queen of the handsome face, the majestic port, the sweet and lively temper, the graceful and affable manners bestowed upon her by the sciolist Macaulay. The great Lord Chatham, too, instead of dwelling in our memories as with eagle face and outstretched arm bidding England be of good cheer and hurling defiance at her foes, as painted by the same ill-informed artist, is henceforth to be depicted on our mental retina as "that homely-looking old gentleman." But if some lose in this process there are others who gain. The Duke of Wellington, for instance, is generally represented as having a hooked nose and an eternal whistle on his lips; but this can hardly be reconciled with the fact that the Committee of the Ladies of England, in raising their Hyde Park memorial, "triumphantly remedied all drawbacks by placing the Duke's head on the shoulders of the Grecian statue, and introducing him to the public as Achilles." This circumstance, which we now learn for the first time, ought always to be recorded along with Jacob Tonson's notable alteration of the nose of Æneas in the old copper-plates of Ogilby's *Virgil*. While on the subject of the Duke, we may mention that it is here shown that after that memorable twenty-third of September on which he had

Against the myriads of Assaye  
Clashed with his fiery few and won,

he must have been strangely blundering when he wrote to his friend Malcolm to aid him in his need, as "the bay horse was shot under me, and Diomed was piked." Colonel Gurwood would certainly have struck his pen through this passage had he been aware that, among the riders in the Park in 1809, "Sir Arthur Wellesley was conspicuous on a handsome grey Arabian which had carried him through all his campaigns in India." There is yet another passage regarding the Duke which must be quoted, as the public has always been labouring under the misconception that the piece of land in question was not "added to the gardens of Apsley House," but made over for the common use of the families residing in Hamilton Place:—

[In 1825] the public bristled up threateningly when a strip of ground at Hyde Park Corner was cut off from the Park, and added to the gardens of Apsley House. The Duke of Wellington was by no means popular at the

time, and the encroachment caused still more ill feeling against him. Parallels were drawn between the Duke and Marlborough, not as regards generalship, but the erection of their palaces and other points of that kind. There were even those who warmed up an old saying of Lord Townshend concerning the celebrated and unsatisfied Hely Hutchinson; that if his Sovereign gave him all Ireland for his estate, he would beg the Isle of Man for a cabbage garden.—I. 330.

Our authors, strong on every point, are particularly so on the American Revolutionary War. It is commonly held to have commenced about 1775, but it appears that for once the English had taken time by the forelock, and armed several years before. Had Mr. Vernon Harcourt been alive 101 years ago, what would he have said to this cavalier mode of treating the right of assembling in the Parks?—

One day in January 1771 five press-gangs entered the Park, and picked up not less than a hundred and fifty idle fellows; they were sent on board a tender, and made into sailors to fight King George's battles against the rebellious "provincials" in America.—II. 211.

Previous authors have always held that our ships were manned in January 1771 to frighten the Spaniards about the Falkland Islands; and in the same spirit of ignorance they have also held that George Grenville had something to do with the commencement and George Guelph with the prolongation of the American War. Know from henceforth that from Bunkers Hill to the Alabama Claims all has been owing to Lord North alone. What a bill for consequential damages might be brought against his coachman for not killing him on this occasion!—

At one of these parades in 1773 it happened, as Lord North was passing in his chariot, that his horses took fright when the drums began to beat. They ran away, and a poor washerwoman was run over and killed. Had my lord come to his end instead of the poor laundress, what thousands, nay millions, of lives might have been saved! America might still be an English colony; there would have been no internecine war between North and South; the history of the world would have been very different. But it was otherwise ordained.—I. 223.

This passage, so full of statesmanlike *coup d'œil* and pious reflection, may possibly be the work of Mr. Larwood alone, but that which precedes it evidently comes from an "employer" smarting from the neglect of his errand-boy to put a letter into the pillar-box. He is speaking of the seventeen-seventies, but the eighteen-seventies are clearly uppermost in his mind:—

There the Guards constantly paraded in all the glittering pomp of gaudy uniforms, whilst the heart-stirring strains of the band awakened no end of martial ardour in the breast of truant City-apprentices. Owing to that music the bands of friendship had been broken between many a journeyman and his master. Many a letter, which required the utmost dispatch, kept pace with the stately tramp of the battalion, &c. &c.—II. 223.

It is only justice to our authors to exhibit them in another point of view, and show their happy treatment of light and airy subjects. They are, as might have been predicted, immense admirers of the fair sex, and more particularly of their feet and ankles, to which in various places they have devoted many paragraphs. We have only space for the culminating one. Richardson, the author of the "other novels," had said that his eye was never first fixed on a woman's face, but on her feet:—

But Richardson's bashfulness fared well by looking at the feet. Dresses were then worn short, and many a well-turned ankle the bashful novelist must have seen in the upward progress of his survey of the ladies. The high-heeled shoe worn at that period was arch-coquet; it comported with small feet, and led the instep smoothing up to the nervous ankle and the thin heel, above which the hoop's bewitching round just permitted to be seen the finely-tendonned, firm development of the gastrocnemius. Such ankles were abroad in those days as well as in ours, and must occasionally have struck Mr. Richardson in his passage through the Mall.—II. 191.

We had marked a few score of passages in which our authors display that just contempt for facts, and dates, and taste, and grammar, which writers of their class can so well afford to exhibit; but we have already exceeded our allotted space, and must bid them a reluctant farewell until such time as we have occasion to welcome their promised *History of Advertisements*.

#### FREEMAN'S GROWTH OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION.\*

THIS new book of Mr. Freeman's is, in a phrase familiar to our ears in earlier days, at once little and good. In some hundred and fifty pages of text we are taken in a pleasant and chatty fashion over the whole course of our Constitution, from the moment when it landed on the shores of Britain with our English forefathers to the present day. There is something in the word "Constitution" so suggestive of folios that we own to being a shade over-charmed perhaps by the size of this little volume. To be able to preach a good sermon of ten minutes' duration is, as every parson knows, a far harder test of pulpit ability than the being equal to a sermon of sixty minutes; and we are often inclined to think that the same law holds good in literature. But, whether little books are better in the abstract than big books or not, it is certain that they are far rarer. Something of the old "dignity of literature" hangs, above all, about the historical writer; an historian seldom cares to descend into the arena of authorship without a train of some dozen bulky octavos. Our gratitude for his appearance expresses itself for the most part in compliments on his "fulness" and "research," on the profundity of his discussions, and the exhaustive character of his appendices. It is only when we have carefully arranged the massive volumes among

\* *The Growth of the English Constitution, from the Earliest Times.* By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., Hon. D.C.L., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1872.

the "books without which no gentleman's library is complete," that we venture on a rebellious sigh for a small English History or a diminutive survey of Greece. But Mr. Freeman's book is not only little, it is eminently readable. He thinks proper to apologize for the form of his book, and for the fact that its three portions were originally delivered as Lectures; but the form seems to have had a very happy influence both on his reasoning and on his style. There is hardly a page that smacks of the study. The argument is everywhere clear and direct, the English simple and manly. We have noticed scarcely a single trace of the tendency to diffuseness, to repetition, to digression, to rhetorical exaggeration of tone which is the besetting sin of Mr. Freeman's larger efforts. Throughout the little book, in fact, we see a master of his subject standing face to face with an audience of fairly intelligent English people, and conscious that the first thing he has got to do is to interest them and make them understand him.

The combativeness which to a reader is one of Mr. Freeman's most amusing characteristics, as to a critic it is one of his most embarrassing, comes in here happily enough. There is a humorous impartiality in the way in which the author deals his blows, first at the Conservative and then at the Radical, now at the traditional pedantry of the lawyer, and then at the theorist's contempt for tradition. Even amongst the horrors of the Reign of Terror we smile at the death-cart which carries off Hébertist and Royalist, the Vendéan noble and the disciple of Père Duchesne, to the same guillotine. We can fancy something of the same grim smile hovering over Mr. Freeman's lips as he gibbets in successive pages Judge Blackstone and the Revolution of 1789. The most ardent of Radicals would be satisfied by his exposure of the recent origin and historical ignorance of modern Toryism, while the crassest of Tories would bestow a round of Kentish fire on his raid against "abstract theory." France is of course the terrible example of what "abstract theory" comes to:—

Our national Assembly has changed its name and its constitution, but its corporate identity has lived on unbroken. We can therefore at any moment reform without destroying. In France, on the other hand, institutions have been the work of abstract theory; they have been the creations, for good or for evil, of the minds of individual men. The English Parliament is immemorial; it grew step by step out of the older order of things. In France the older order of things utterly vanished; the ground lay open for the creation of a wholly new institution, and the States-General were called into being at the bidding of Philip the Fair. Englishmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had no theories of the rights of man or of universal humanity. But when they saw a practical grievance, they called for its redress. Frenchmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had theories as magnificent as any that have been put forth in the eighteenth or the nineteenth. And they had even then already learned to do deeds of blood in the name of freedom and philanthropy. Therefore French institutions have not lasted. The States-General lived but a fitful life from century to century, and they perished for ever in the Great Revolution. Since that time no French institution, no form either of the legislative or of the executive power, has been able to keep up a continuous being of twenty years.

We are always a little on our guard when Englishmen pique themselves on their practical qualities, and we are tempted to be a little over-critical perhaps in the face of patriotic outbursts. But even if we grant the correctness of Mr. Freeman's "abstract theory" of our constitutional superiority, what are we to say to his facts? Unless Wat Tyler and the Lollards go for nothing, "Englishmen in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries" were very far from having "no theories of the rights of man or of universal humanity." On the contrary, we should have said that the purely social and political, as distinct from the purely religious, form of the assertion of "the rights of man" really originated with Englishmen of the fourteenth century. "When Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the gentleman?" was a rhyme of English invention, but it contains in it all the "abstract theory" of the French Revolution. Would it not, in fact, be truer to say that even as revolutionists the French of '89 were mere pillagers of other people's ideas, and that all they did was to throw certain abstract theories which they had derived from England into practical shape? The theories of social equality which originated with the Lollards were transmitted by them to the after Reformation, to La Boétie, to Montaigne, and to Jean-Jacques Rousseau. The notion of a "social contract" certainly came from Locke. The actual type of Republican government was derived from our Great Rebellion. We are not saying that the French knew how to wear the clothes they ran off with, or that they did not cut them into very odd forms, but the clothes were originally our own. We had hoped, indeed, that the German war, and the sudden discovery that a people can be at once speculative and practical in the highest degree, had knocked on the head the current English notion that there was any necessary opposition between the keenest love of abstract theories and the firmest hold of practical facts. Our own notion of the secret of English liberty and its constitutional progress is that it lies in the steady union of the two. A mere worship of the forms of the past would surely have landed us where such a worship landed Germany, in a feeble pedantry of "customs," which had neither life nor strength to resist the social changes of time. A mere contempt for them would possibly, if Mr. Freeman will have it so, have left us as anarchical as France. But in the three great formative epochs of our Constitution a reverence for the traditions of the past was made broad and living, not merely by a practical sense of present necessities, but by a deep conviction of abstract human right. Behind Earl Simon of Montfort stood the speculative philosophy of the schoolmen and the uncommonly "abstract theories" of the Friars. The great political manifesto of the time which Mr. Wright has printed in his *Political Songs*, and from which Mr. Freeman

has given one striking extract in his notes, bases the claims of popular freedom on an ideal quite as much as on an historical foundation. In the same way the "abstract theory" of the inherent liberty and royalty of men as children of God gave its fire and energy to the "love of precedents" which marked the Great Rebellion. Pym's speeches are just as speculative as they are practical. And no one has yet doubted the influence of Locke on the Revolution of 1688.

But while we reserve our adhesion to Mr. Freeman's "abstract theory" of the Constitution, we are quite ready to let him work his will, even if it be a somewhat wicked will, on the lawyers. A silent memory of extorted six-and-eightpences seems to edge the historian's comments on the constitutional blunders originated and perpetuated by "a profession which, in our present artificial state of society, we certainly cannot do without." If Mr. Freeman had not assured us of his aversion to abstract theories, we might fancy him sighing here after a natural society like that of Jean-Jacques, where lawyers and six-and-eightpences should be no more. As it is, however, we live in a world of lawyers, and lawyers have for a long time had the framing of our constitutional notions, as well as of our marriage settlements. As to their work in the first respect, Mr. Freeman is very emphatic indeed:—

The lawyer's tendency is to carry to an unreasonable extent that English love of precedent which, within reasonable bounds, is one of our most precious safeguards. His virtue is that of acute and logical inference from given premises; the premises themselves he is commonly satisfied to take without examination from those who have gone before him. It is often wonderful to see the amazing ingenuity with which lawyers have piled together inference upon inference, starting from some purely arbitrary assumption of their own. Each stage of the argument, taken by itself, is absolutely unanswerable; the objection must be taken earlier, before the argument begins. The argument is perfect, if we only admit the premises; the only unlucky thing is that the premises will constantly be found to be historically worthless. Add to this that the natural tendency of the legal mind is to conservatism and deference to authority. This will always be the case, even with thoroughly honest men in an age when honesty is no longer dangerous. But this tendency will have tenfold force in times when an honest setting forth of the Law might expose its author to the disfavour of an arbitrary government. We shall therefore find that the premises from which lawyers' arguments have started, but which historical study shows to be unsound, are commonly premises devised in favour of the prerogative of the Crown, not in favour of the rights of the people. Indeed the whole ideal conception of the Sovereign, as one, personally at least, above the Law, as one personally irresponsible and incapable of doing wrong, the whole conception of the Sovereign as the sole fountain of all honour, as the original grantor of all property, as the source from which all authority of every kind issues in the first instance, is purely a lawyer's conception, and rests upon no ground whatever in the records of our early history.

It is the aim of the last chapter of Mr. Freeman's book to show in how many instances modern progress has consisted in simply upsetting the practical deductions which lawyers had drawn from their constitutional premises. "The lawgiver has directly stepped in to wipe out the inventions of the lawyer, and modern Acts of Parliament have brought things back to the simpler principles of our earliest forefathers." Thus it is that recent legislation has done away with the supposed necessity for a cessation of Parliamentary life at the death of the sovereign whose writs had called together the three Estates of the Realm. As Mr. Freeman points out, such a cessation would have seemed as inconvenient and ridiculous to Godwine or Harold as it seems to us. So in the yet more important matter of the succession to the Crown, the Revolution of 1688 simply restored to the nation the old constitutional right of setting aside an unworthy monarch, and freely choosing another within the limits of the existing royal family which it had possessed before the Conquest. An instance of more direct interest just now is found by Mr. Freeman in our recent legislation in the matter of the "Crown Lands," and we can only hope that Mr. Disraeli will take the trouble to read the few pages devoted to this subject before favouring us with any more of the prodigious nonsense which he has been uttering of late respecting the Royal revenue. The "domain of the Crown" was in the beginning of our annals simply the property of the people at large, and it was only through the growth of the Royal power that the folk-land of earlier charters changed into the Terra Regis of Domesday. From the First William to the Third it undoubtedly remained the personal property of the King, to be dealt with according to his own personal pleasure, though even during this period Mr. Freeman might have fairly pointed out that it bore a large part of what are now called "public charges," and that in fact subsidies and aids were only in theory supposed to be called for to cover its deficiencies. That it was ever the property of a sovereign as Woburn Abbey is the property of the Duke of Bedford is an absurdity which we must leave to Cabinet Ministers. Anyhow the wrong, such as it was, has been redressed. "A custom as strong as law now requires that at the beginning of each fresh reign the Sovereign shall, not by an act of bounty, but by an act of justice, restore to the nation the land which the nation lost so long ago." In a word the Legislature has redressed the deductions of the feudal lawyer, and the Terra Regis has once more become "folk-land."

The book is so short and is such pleasant reading that we need give only a brief indication of the general line of inquiry which Mr. Freeman has followed. His conception of the Constitution is mainly that of Burke, though it rests on a far firmer and more historic basis. In other words, he looks for the true explanation of our present forms of government to the tradition and progress of the past, and for the mould of our political life to the shape assumed by the earliest English society. He points out that the peculiarity of our own political life is simply this—that while



in the original land of the Teutons the old Teutonic institutions have all but vanished, in England they have remained practically unchanged. The old constitution of the English conquerors of Britain, indeed, was necessarily modified by the circumstances of the conquest, by the increase of slavery, the growth of a military aristocracy, the heightening of Royal power which the invasion and the after warfare of the English amongst themselves brought with them. Still greater modifications followed on the conquest of the Norman, but still throughout both the main features of English freedom were wonderfully preserved. The Great Council was the *Witenagemot* under a feudal name, and the Parliament of Edward was simply an expansion of the Great Council. By a happy fortune the foreign temper and the personal worthlessness of our Angevin rulers enabled conquered and conquerors to rally as one people round the free traditions of the past, and to embody them in the Charter, while the very necessities of the Crown brought about the convocation and development of Parliaments. Much, again, hung on the form which Parliament assumed, and this was in the main determined by social circumstances; by the power of the clergy, which led them to decline acting as an Estate of the realm, and by the absence of any "caste" feeling of nobility, which led to the union of the lesser landowners with the merchant class in the House of Commons. Oddly enough, as Mr. Freeman ingeniously points out, the "bicameral" arrangement, so much praised and imitated by the constitutional doctrinaires of the Continent, is a purely accidental arrangement. With the reign of Edward, though he has briefly continued his sketch as far as the Reformation, Mr. Freeman's lectures practically end. "Our later constitutional history," he says, "rather belongs to an inquiry of another kind. It is mainly a record of silent changes in the practical working of institutions whose outward or legal form remained untouched," and of these changes he has only touched on a few which illustrate the relations of Parliament to the Crown. We may perhaps hope for a fuller treatment of this later topic at some future time; meanwhile we can only thank Mr. Freeman for what he has actually given us. It would be easy, of course, in traversing a subject so pregnant with difficulties, to find points in which we might dissent from his statements or inferences. In dwelling on the identity of earlier and later institutions Mr. Freeman has sometimes, we think, missed their differences. He has hardly pressed the new aspect given by feudalism to the older *Witenagemot* in its reappearance in the King's Council. He has certainly exaggerated, we think, the earlier ecclesiastical supremacy of the Crown. The supremacy of Theodores over all England was earlier than that of any English king, his national Councils than any national "Gemot"; and though at a later time the two Legislatures merged, so far as persons were concerned, into one, their action remained distinct to the end. The meeting of the Wise Men simply changed itself into an ecclesiastical Council when ecclesiastical matters came on; but this is not quite the same thing as the ordering of ecclesiastical matters by a secular assembly. So, too, noble as is Mr. Freeman's sketch of Earl Simon, and grudging as is the eulogy of Professor Stubbs, we are not sure that in a purely legal light the Professor is not in the right, and we suspect that the Earl's real merit consisted rather in "standing as a pillar" when other men fell away in the long and weary struggle for freedom, than in any constitutional originality. The "legal" character of Henry VIII. is admirably drawn out as one of the causes of the revival of Parliamentary life under the Tudors; but we miss the obvious cause of the Tudor fidelity to Parliamentary institutions in the fact that their title rested, in a way in which no other Royal title rested, on a Parliamentary basis. But we merely point out a few differences of opinion such as these to enable us to express all the more strongly our opinion of Mr. Freeman's lectures. No book could possibly be more useful to students of our constitutional history, or a more pleasant means of conveying information about it to the public at large.

#### ESSAYS BY THE AUTHOR OF "VÉRA."

THE two novels by the author or authoress of these essays—for though we shall adhere to the masculine pronoun we feel some doubt on the point—have already been favourably noticed in our columns. But the gifts of a novelist and of an essayist are different, though not incompatible, and it is in the former capacity that the writer chiefly excels. His new volume consists of half-a-dozen articles reprinted from the *Edinburgh Review*, two from the *North British*, and a few, of slighter texture, from other periodicals. And we may as well say at once, as the practice of republishing ephemeral pieces of this kind is on the increase, and bids fair to become something of a nuisance, that we do not think the present collection has a sufficient *raison d'être*. The articles which compose it are for the most part respectable, and some of them more than respectable, as such; but they do not display any such originality of thought or special information as to give them permanent literary interest. It is very difficult to understand why the two *North British* articles on "English Vers de Société" and "Modern Provençal Poems," which hardly rise above the level of commonplace, and are not free from strange mistakes, should have been held worthy of a second lease of life, while even the readers of *Good Words* must have been disappointed with the flimsy and superficial notice of "Christmas Carols," if they happened to know anything of a

branch of hymnology in which our old English literature is peculiarly rich and felicitous. There are other papers, no doubt, of a higher type than these, as we shall proceed to show; and one of the most appreciative, a review of *Le Maudit*, may be said to have derived fresh interest from recent occurrences in the French Church. Still we can hardly think it deserved the honour of republication. The two lines of study to which the author appears to have addicted himself are the artistic and the quasi-theological, or perhaps we should rather say, if so barbarous a compound may be admitted, the historico-ecclesiastical; and it is in this last that he is most at home. His comments on Albert Dürer and Rubens indicate more appreciation of artists than of art. Both painters are mainly "considered in the historical point of view," and when the writer says of the latter that he was not only a great painter but a great man, he is evidently explaining what to him is the real attraction about them. The paper on Albert Dürer is, in fact, little more than a biographical sketch, and as such it will repay perusal. It is pleasant to find Albert Dürer and Raffaele carrying on a friendly intercourse and cherishing a mutual admiration for each other, and curious, if true, that the famous "Spasimo di Sicilia" should have been suggested by a drawing of Albert Dürer's. That he was a man of deeply religious feeling no one at all familiar with his works can doubt, but it may not be as generally known that he had a strong sympathy with Luther in his original protest against "the un-Christian Papacy," and an earnest desire for the union of "the Indians and Muscovites, the Russian and Greek Churches, which by the greed and devices of the Popes, and by a hypocritical zeal, have been sundered." In dealing with Rubens the author makes some attempt at artistic criticism, but it is still the character of the man, rather than of his painting, that is mainly dwelt upon. The "ferocity and occasional grossness" of his workmanship is fully admitted, but too favourable an estimate on the whole is given. Of Rubens' power there can be no doubt, but his very best pictures—even the "Descent from the Cross"—are marred by a certain coarseness of conception, if not of touch, which disturbs the devotional impression. The revolting grossness and vulgarity of many of his principal paintings, which no visitor of the old "Pinakothek" of Munich is likely to forget, is the more surprising, as his life, unlike that of Raffaele and some other great masters of the art, was irreproachable. The following passage is one of the happiest in the essay upon him:—

In his taste for planting and building, his love of animals and his sympathy with them, some critics have found that he resembled Sir Walter Scott, while a curious contrast has been also pointed out between him and Fuseli. The one heated his brain by debauchery, and then produced pictures which might have been the work of a monk of the desert, half crazed by solitude and abstinence; the other, who was careful even in meats and drinks, was apt to paint like a voluptuary and a libertine. Rubens was an honourable, but not what we should call an earnest man; he is never pathetic, never tender, often fierce, occasionally vulgar, sometimes sublime. His was not the imaginative, the saintly, or the meditative genius; action was his forte, life was strong in him, and owing perhaps to his happy and perfect physique, he was never morbid and never discouraged; his work, when it came complete from his hands, never seemed to him to be but the poor caricature of his conceptions—on the contrary, it fulfilled them. His were "the instinct, the presage, the strong propensity, and the genial power of nature," which, Milton tells us, led him to the writing of his great epic; but his was not the "hallowed fire" which the poet sought. If some of his religious pieces are treated with reverence as well as power, at other times it would almost seem as if "things human had prejudiced things Divine."

In the articles on Anjou, and on the Memoirs of Madame du Plessis-Mornay, the writer breaks ground in what is evidently a very favourite subject with him, the religious history of France, both Catholic and Protestant. He tells us, justly enough, that the French Reformation failed from having no root in the political and national life of the country, and therefore nothing to oppose to the splendid traditions and lofty character and position of the Gallican Church. But to say that "Protestantism was as much a moral revolution in France as it was in England, or Germany, or Holland," betrays an odd confusion of ideas. It was far less of a moral force than in Germany, where it at once expressed and remoulded the whole national character; and it was more of a moral force than the contemporary movement in England, which had a purely political origin, and was at first crammed down the throats of the people whose moral and religious life it afterwards so profoundly influenced. In France, on the other hand, with no aid from the Government, and in the teeth of the national traditions, the Reformation spread with almost unexampled rapidity among all classes. "It had among its disciples the greatest captains, artists, and craftsmen of the age," and for a time "one half the Royal family and one half of the nobility were pitted against the other half." Yet it never really gained possession of the national mind; and thus, while the fires of Smithfield turned the scale against the creed of the persecutors in England, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew only forced the persecuted into a false and unpatriotic attitude; and the dragonnades of Louis XIV., which drove thousands of Protestants from the country, also resulted in the conversion of some fifty thousand of those who remained to the dominant Church. The author gives a graphic sketch of three prominent apostles of the later period of French Calvinism—Claude Brousson, "the martyr"; Jean Cavalier, the inspired shepherd boy of Anduze, who, however, retired from his early apostleship to take service in the English army, and became Governor of Jersey; and Antoine Court, who began his ministry at eighteen, and continued it till his death, at the age of sixty-five. More interesting, in a literary sense, is the notice of the famous preacher Saurin; and here we can entirely

\* *Essays*. By the Author of "Véra" and "The Hôtel du Petit St-Jean." London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1872.

endorse the writer's eulogistic, but not too flattering, estimate. Saurin's sermons well deserve to take rank with the great masterpieces of French pulpit oratory, though they are not as widely known as they ought to be. It is no exaggeration to say that they were "written for all time, and never go out of date," and we are not at all surprised to learn that the Abbé Pichon prepared a volume of extracts from them for the use of the faithful, and that many were preached just as they stood by Jesuit fathers in Parisian churches. They contain, in fact, very little that might not be proclaimed without offence, and to the general edification of the hearer, from any pulpit, Catholic or Protestant; the style is singularly pure and vigorous, and the tone throughout is one of unmistakable earnestness, without ever becoming mawkish.

The paper which throws most light on the present condition of the French Church, and which acquires an additional significance when read in the light of the movement recently started by Dr. Michaud, is that on "French Anti-clerical Novels," originally published in the *Edinburgh* six years ago, as a review of two anonymous stories of somewhat earlier date, which had a considerable run at the time, not only in France, but beyond it. We are not aware whether the incognito of "the Abbé —" has ever been pierced by the general public, but it was well known from the first to the initiated few that the author of *Le Maudit* and *La Religieuse* really was what he professed to be, a priest, and not a suspended priest. Internal evidence alone would indeed be quite conclusive as to the clerical authorship of the volumes. To pronounce in detail on the correctness of the picture drawn is not equally easy, but there can be no doubt of its being based on at least a large substratum of truth. The fact of many hundred suspended priests being employed at Paris as cabmen and compositors has since then been publicly affirmed on unimpeachable testimony. Many of them may of course have been unfrocked for moral offences, which are sure to occur from time to time among a poor and illiterate clergy, recruited mainly from the peasant classes, and bound under a stringent law of celibacy; but even the milder experience of episcopal rule over curates in England—and every French *curé*, "since the Revolution destroyed the revenues and the Concordat sold the liberties of the Gallican Church," is as completely at the mercy of his bishop as an Anglican curate—would lead us to suspect that instances of arbitrary tyranny and caprice must also be of very frequent occurrence. Cardinal Bonnechose revealed as much when he informed the Senate that "the Bishop gives the word of command and the clergy march." The reviewer's summary of *Le Maudit* suggests, we may be pretty sure, no mere fancy picture:—

He [the anonymous author] has traced with an unflinching hand the workings of the whole system. He has not only stigmatized the Jesuits, but he has shown us an inferior clergy illiterate and prejudiced, an unhappy order of men without liberty and without independence of thought, abjectly subject to the civil power whose stipendiaries they are, and unprotected from the tyranny or obsessions of their spiritual chiefs. The higher orders in the Church do not come out of the picture in more favourable colours. Vicars-general are seen intriguing with the Jesuits against their dioceses, bishops swayed between fear and hatred of the Company of Jesus, along with prelates whose eyes turn to Rome, and who buy the good offices of the Reverend Fathers, as a means of procuring the hat, and the additional 1,600*l.* a year, which is due to a cardinal and an *ex-officio* senator of France. Add to this a sketch of the preaching friars, as personified by the Pere Basile, and the glimpse at the interior of the *Gesù* in *Le Maudit*, with the more disgusting episode of the "Carmelite Confessor" in *La Religieuse*, and it is not difficult to realize the effect of these books on the clerical party. The unknown Abbé holds the mirror up to all abuses, and by unmasking hypocrisy has made as many enemies as there are hypocrites in the Church.

The disagreeable details of the "Abbé —'s" tale will probably be in the recollection of many of our readers, and we need not anyhow repeat them here. But it is impossible not to feel that later events have done much to vindicate his veracity. And it is curious, in view of the programme now put forward by the Old Catholic leaders in France and Germany, to turn to the "conditions of their apostleship" prescribed by the mysterious reformer eight or nine years ago to those willing to join him in building up "the Church of the future." Apart from the injunction "never to break with Rome," which seems practically incompatible with carrying out any of the rest, it differs little from the Munich and Paris manifestoes of to-day, except in being more oratorical and less precise. The essayist, after citing it, inquires whether such a programme is practicable, and what would be its results, but cautiously refrains from any attempt to answer his own question. We shall be content to imitate his reticence, and reproduce the proposed scheme of reform without note or comment. It runs thus:—

To remain in the visible Church; to belong to her soul, to the best part of her, to her real life. To accept of her worship as it is at present (since worship is transformable in its nature, and may be modified by time, till it returns to the simplicity of primitive ages).

Never to break with Rome or with episcopacy. This is the capital point. Popes and bishops sit in the chair of Peter, as the princes among priests sat in the days of the synagogue in the chair of Moses. They must be loved and respected, for an immense number of these men of the old Church are men of virtue, and it is among them that the new Church must find her apostles.

To separate ourselves plainly and openly from the fanatical Ultramontane sect; to unmask its dangerous anti-evangelical spirit; to break formally with these Pharisees of the latter days, who are the curse of Christian society, because they discredit Christianity, and render it odious to simple people who are not hostile, but indifferent, to the grand doctrines of the Gospel.

To stigmatize these hypocrites of the new Law, to show them like their fathers of the old Law, paying their tithe of mint and cummin, and pursuing with implacable hatred the true worshippers of God; whitened sepulchres wearing their rosaries to be seen of men, and to pass for saints.

This is the new work. It is great and bold, but it is lawful.

We will have no schism; for schism is isolation, and a loss of strength. No heresies . . . the one which has to be combated is the substitution of man for God; when we exaggerate the rights granted by Christ to the head of His Church.

To remain invincible in the orthodox Catholic faith; there lies our strength, and we will dogmatize in nothing. . . We must be impassible and patient.

#### A COLONIST ON COLONIAL POLICY.\*

A late lamented Judge, who found classical English adequate for the expression of his ideas, used to protest emphatically against the modern, and as he called it frightful, word "ignore." Our regret for his decease may be mitigated by observing that he was taken from us before the horrific compound "ignorement" was introduced into our midst by a Canadian for the more effectual castigation of Mr. Goldwin Smith. The book before us advocates a federation of England and her colonies; but if each colonial deputy intended to bring his vocabulary along with him to London, we should tremble at the oratorical possibilities of a central Congress. "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," may be poetically beautiful, but it is in a philological point of view alarming. The author urges with some reason that increased facilities of communication have rendered his proposal more feasible than when it was first discussed, but if we are to be "railed" and "wired," and to have "cablegrams" transmitted to us, it becomes seriously doubtful whether the proposed federation would not be a nuisance. There is, however, one point of view in which the author places this question which will be generally interesting. He argues that the choice must ultimately lie between some sort of federation and emancipation, and he shows that there is a large and increasing amount of British capital invested in colonial securities, the safety of which might be seriously affected by emancipation. He estimates the total of Colonial Government securities at 60,000,000*l.*, nearly the whole of which is held by residents in the United Kingdom; and besides, there are colonial railways and other miscellaneous enterprises in which he calculates that British capital has been invested to the amount of 40,000,000*l.* Thus we have a total of 100,000,000*l.* due by the colonies to British investors, and this sum is likely to increase, as may be inferred from the facility with which a loan of 1,000,000*l.* to New Zealand has lately been subscribed in London. Without hinting that any emancipated colony would be likely to adopt a policy of repudiation, it may be said that the safety of these investments would be impaired by colonial independence. The value of any public security is dependent on the maintenance of internal order and external safety by the country which has issued it, and it is by no means certain that these conditions would be fulfilled by the new nations. As regards Australia and New Zealand, reliance might indeed be placed on the Scotch proverb "'tis a far cry to Lochawe." An external enemy would have to travel a long way to attack them, but they might quarrel among themselves. Speaking generally, we may say that war abroad and civil strife at home are possible consequences of emancipation. Nations involved in either of these pursuits do not pay much regard to the claims of foreign creditors, for the simple reason that they cannot. But even an amount of disturbance short of foreign or internal war would suffice to endanger the safety of colonial securities. The author seasonably reminds us of the Erie scandal. It is, he says, the fruit of a social and political organization similar to that which, under the most favourable circumstances, would be induced by emancipation. If England does not desire to see such results, let her retain her hold on the colonies. Whilst she does so there is not much danger of invasion from abroad, and there is none of disorder within. "Her influence," says the author, "supplies precisely the conservative force which is needed to prevent young communities rushing headlong into a career of democratic innovation which cannot fail to result disastrously; and if any injustice should be done to the investors, they have always open an appeal to the House of Lords, which tribunal they can safely rely on to rectify it." We may remark here that we could wish that the conservative influence of England might extend to the language as well as the institutions of her colonies, and we hope that the faith which this Colonist expresses in the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal may not be made an excuse for leaving it unreformed. Speaking accurately, an appeal from a colonial Court would not go to the House of Lords, but to the Privy Council; but the argument which we would found upon the Colonist's language remains the same. It is surely worth any cost or any trouble to ourselves to provide for the colonies a Court of ultimate appeal which may thoroughly deserve that confidence which they are desirous to bestow. In this point of view the folly of our Government in higgling about the salary of a Judge's clerk appears amazing. There never was a stronger instance of that misplaced economy which is ruinous. The best judicial ability is so rare an article that a country with the wealth and responsibility of England ought to be willing to buy it at almost any price. It is the fruit of diligent cultivation of high natural capacity. A deceased Judge was fond of saying to a colleague, "We know the law. We learned it when we were young. We are not like some others who have to pick it up as they go along." This article, as we have said, is rare in England, and there is much

\* A Colonist on the Colonial Question. By Jehu Mathews, of Toronto, Canada. London: Longmans & Co. 1872.



reason to fear that it is dying out in the United States. To use familiar language, law is being swallowed up in jaw. No reader of American newspapers can fail to observe that American Judges are falling more and more into the habit, which is not quite unknown in England, of talking for effect. Indeed a Judge who may be at the bar to-morrow can hardly resist the temptation to make a speech occasionally for himself. The decline of law as a science in America may also be inferred from the production of the Indirect Claims. Among ourselves it would be difficult, even if the Chancellor of the Exchequer were willing to pay handsomely for judicial ability, to find as much of it as is required for the highest class of appeals, particularly now that a demand has arisen for arbitrators of insolvent Companies. But let us do the best we can, regardless of expense, to justify the confidence which this Colonist expresses in our English Court of ultimate appeal. And let us remember, when we are reckoning the cost of the connexion of the colonies with England, that their emancipation might place 100,000,000 of English capital in jeopardy.

It is impossible to estimate the consequences of increased facility of rapid communication between distant places. The author urges that, as some English colonies are almost as near to London as some parts of the United States are to Washington, it is not unreasonable to consider some plan of federation such as he proposes. But it will be soon enough to consider other practical objections to this plan when the existing difficulty of distance has been removed. We prefer to dwell with unqualified approbation on those parts of his book which insist on the necessity of maintaining, and, if possible, of strengthening, the connexion between the mother-country and her colonies. Those who are agreed that this is to be our end are not likely to quarrel as to the means. All that we see and hear of colonists and colonial life goes to show that only gross mismanagement can make the colonies disloyal. It is a proof of the power of distance to lend enchantment to the view, that this Colonist is able to believe in the efficiency, not only of the House of Lords as a Court of Appeal, but of the War Office as a source of discipline and consistent policy. We can only hope that the guidance for which he looks would be as certainly forthcoming as the resources which he promises. These resources, he says, would be very insignificant if isolated, but would become most formidable if united with those of the mother-country. Large armies of colonial militia could be kept on foot ready to move at a moment's warning to repel local attack; and in case a reserve force was established throughout the Empire, liable to be drafted into the line in case of war, the colonies would already be entitled to furnish one-fifth of it. As regards the quality of colonial militia, we may remark that it would be difficult to improve on the posterity of those soldiers of the Black Watch who settled in Nova Scotia after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. "The gun in naval resources would be still greater than that in military force. The Canadian mercantile marine is now the fourth in the world. The British American fisheries must always nurture a race of hardy seamen." Nova Scotia and New Brunswick are marked by nature as seats of shipping industry. The immediate accession of strength in both departments would be very great, but the prospective gain would be far greater. The population of the more important colonies has been doubling itself every twenty years, and the growth of wealth has been still more rapid than that of numbers. The author has an easy task in arguing that the mother-country ought, as a matter of policy, to associate to herself the naval and military resources of her colonies. "Gold," he says, "cannot be relied on to stop the advance of iron, but still less can rhetoric." The events of the last two years have forcibly inculcated the lesson that only the most complete naval and military organization can give national security, and the author contends that this organization might be most perfectly attained by England in federation with her colonies. We, however, adopt many of his statements without committing ourselves to his conclusion. Indeed we cannot think of this proposal of federation without perceiving the difficulties to which it must give rise. The House of Commons cannot get through the business which it now undertakes, and therefore it is impossible to suppose that one Assembly could legislate for this country and its colonies. The author is so kind as to propose that the Imperial Parliament might discharge its federal and national duties in separate Sessions; but there is a limit to the number of hours' work that can be got out of a day, and to the number of months that an Englishman who can afford to go anywhere else can be induced to remain in London. The colonists are in no respect more truly English than in their love of sport, and therefore they would cheerfully admit the claim of grouse and pheasants to be considered in legislative arrangements. Then, again, the author's idea of constituting an Upper Chamber is crude and unsatisfactory. He would have some members elected and others nominated, and "a few hereditary seats might perhaps be sprinkled in with advantage, to keep alive the principle." Certainly the principle should be kept alive, for we believe that an able man would govern a colony more successfully if he happened to be a peer. At present the colonies are too widely separated for federation, and until the rapidity of travelling has been greatly increased they will remain so. We cannot therefore be accused of shirking an immediate duty if we decline to discuss the details of any scheme of federation. But we can assure the author that he has our entire sympathy in protesting, as he emphatically does, against the mere utilitarian view of the relation between this country and her colonies. The notion that the value of this relation is to

be measured by the result of a balance-sheet is not likely to become popular. Feeling and imagination, as well as figures, have to be considered in determining national policy. England and her colonies have hitherto constituted a great nation, and it is the hope and intention of the vast majority of Englishmen to maintain the glorious inheritance which their fathers have transmitted to them.

#### CAREY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK OF EPIGRAMS.\*

IT is quite time that editors understood in what the task of compiling an epigram-book consists, for the last ten years have seen two very creditable collections—one by the Rev. John Booth, the other by the Rev. H. P. Dodd. In each of these an endeavour has been made, with more or less success, to trace home to its author each epigram that is given; and in Mr. Dodd's book there is also a biographic notice of every epigrammatist who is cited. Of course these editors do not pretend to have presented to the public anything like an exhaustive collection; neither can they be said to have appropriated even a tithe of the bright, pithy, pointed things that are born every day in society and in club-life. But they satisfy between them a desideratum which had been previously felt; and, more than this, they establish a standard for those who shall come after them, and raise a bar which ought to exclude henceforth all *faintest* and perfunctory bookmakers. Among such we do not hesitate to reckon Mr. Charles Stokes Carey. To say that there is no amusement, no novelty, nothing neat in it, would be a bold assertion, and one which would condemn a fair number of epigrammatists whom he has consigned to an ignoble prison-house within the covers of his book; but most certainly it would be hard to find a professed Commonplace Book of Epigrams so evidently put together without the knowledge requisite to the task, and so deficient of taste, grace, salt, and refinement. There are not a few lovers of literature who hold epigram at its best unduly cheap; what will they think if such a volume as that before us demonstrates that the task of compilations imply consists in stringing together nameless snatches of verse, longer and shorter, upon a dozen or more different threads? and this so carelessly that such trumpery and vulgar jokes as "Tulips and Roses" do double duty under the heads of "Amatory Epigrams" and "Epigrams on Marriage" (see p. 22 and p. 39), and "the pale lady" whose "rose is gone to paint her husband's nose" appears in p. 35 as an "Epigram of Marriage," and in p. 133 amongst "Ungallant Epigrams"? We have counted up in the volume more than half-a-dozen of the old stock trivialities which every schoolboy would discard were he seeking matter for a valentine—e.g., the suggestion to a lady to leave out the *g* in "gloves," and the comparison (*a ne plus ultra* of bathos) of love to a cobbler's awl. But these are sins of carelessness, it may be said, or they merely show a too catholic liberality of choice. The editor may have laid himself out to provide wares to suit every taste amongst his customers. Let us, then, look a little further, and ask whether Mr. Carey really understands the article he undertakes to purvey, and how far he fulfils the promise of his own preface. It is true that this promise is limited to the admission of "only such epigrams as have point, pith, and power," but by implication it commits him to the ideal of his poetical Introduction, where the first definition of an epigram is

A dwarfish whole,  
Its body brevity, and wit its soul.

Does the compilation before us evince a recognition of the first of these essentials? In p. 141, amongst "Ungallant Epigrams," figures at full length Goldsmith's "Madame Blaize, the glory of her sex"; in p. 161, amongst "Historical Epigrams," we have a stanza from *Childe Harold* about the Maid of Saragossa. Long extracts from the *Biglow Papers* are made to do duty for "Political Epigrams," and if we go back to "Amatory Epigrams," we shall find *vers de société* by Herrick, Moore, Sir C. H. Williams, and Mr. Theodore Martin, it being apparently no disqualification that they run into several stanzas, and here and there fill the best part of a page. It is a ridiculous misnomer to call these pieces epigrams, even if, as is not always the case, they had an epigrammatic element in their composition; and it betrays utter dullness of perception as to the true scope of an epigram collector. Yet this might be forgiven were the body of the work composed of real and transparent wit, so set before the reader that he could see that the collector appreciated it. Is this, however, to be said of one who can admit into his collection such a type of epigram as the following, in which we scarcely know which to execrate most, the rhythm, the grammar, or the false point?—

A thief stole a tea-pot in a window placed:  
Both pot and thief excessively were chased,  
And after being taken, as they tell,  
Were both of them directly sent to cell.  
Still they were both alike, both still were suited,  
For each of them was highly executed.

For the sake of an obscure play on words six lines are strung together, showing the writer's willingness to sacrifice sense, neatness, and good English to a catchpenny *double entendre*. It is much the same with an epigram on "Auricular Confession," and "growing Brighton Auriculars," which we hope and trust, for the

\* A *Commonplace Book of Epigrams, Analytically Arranged*. Compiled by Charles Stokes Carey, Editor of "Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Son." London: William Tegg. 1872.

credit of our comic contemporary, never really appeared in *Punch*. A much better epigram, and one more worthy to be preserved, is the Cambridge one "On Three Sons," to be found among the epigrams on Law and Lawyers; but even here we suspect that carelessness has done its worst in the dishing-up. The editor prefaces it with the explanation, "Mr. Baron Alderson and Mr. Justice Patterson held assizes at Cambridge, when Mr. Gunson was appointed to preach the assize sermon." Now, though the epigram requires that we should call the Judge *Pateron*, and thus far take a liberty with his surname, there was surely no occasion for Mr. Carey to mis-call him Patterson. Now for the epigram itself:—

A Baron, a Justice, a Preacher—sons three;  
The preacher, the son of a Gun is he;  
The Baron, he is the son of a tree;  
Whose son the Justice is I can't well see,  
But read him *Pateron*, and all will agree  
That the son of his father the Justice must be.

Obviously either the editor or the writer has suffered from an imperfect ear for rhythm, or the fourth line would have run

Whose son is the Justice I cannot well see;

and the fifth line, with its point, should have precluded the possibility of mistaking how Justice Patterson's name should be spelt. We suspect that the faults of the epigram as here presented to us are attributable to the editor; and the more so as there are many signs of carelessness in the volume. Take the epigram on a Topping Club in p. 129, and can it be supposed that its anonymous authors ever turned it out as it stands in Mr. Carey's book:—

The jolly members of a topping club  
Like pipe-staves are but hoop'd;  
And in a close confederacy link  
For nothing else but only to hold drink.

According to all appearances the first two lines were meant, like the pair that follow, to be a couplet; and it can hardly be that the second has not been cruelly maimed in its presentment. Be this, however, as it may, there is certainly a *prima facie* case against a collector who (p. 178) can suffer the first line of Porson's epigram to stand

Venit ad Euphratim rapidis perterritus undis;

who (p. 98) can talk of a man's *taking up* a D.D. degree; and who to Lord Neaves's epigram—

We grease the axle that it may not creak;  
We grease the lawyer's palm to make him speak—

can prefix no apter heading than "Money commands eloquence," ignoring thus the contrast of the effects of "greasing" in the two cases.

It were easy to multiply the list of Mr. Carey's sins against metre and grammar, and against accuracy of reading and rhyme; but we forbear in consideration of the sprinkling of good epigrams which, his luck being not uniformly bad, have found a place along with bad and indifferent ones. Among the better sort are—

#### WINGED TIME.

"Tell me," said Laura, "what may be  
The difference 'twixt a clock and me?"  
"Laura," I cried, "Love prompts my powers  
To do the task you've set them:  
A clock reminds us of the hours;  
You cause us to forget them."

And this upon "Equality of Taxation":—

"Taxes are equal, is a dogma which  
I'll prove at once," exclaimed a Tory boor;  
"Taxation hardly presses on the rich,  
And likewise presses hardly on the poor."

But neither of these is traced home to its author, as is another very graceful epigram which no one will be surprised to find is Waller's; "The Better Life":—

Circles are praised not that abound  
In largeness, but the exactly round;  
So life we praise that does excell,  
Not in much time, but acting well.

One fourth of the number of epigrams which Mr. Carey has strung higgledy-piggledy together (for his analytical method is too loose to be much better than no method at all), if traced to their authors, and arranged in order of time, would make a volume of infinitely more interest and value. Often where he might easily have given the authorship—as with the epigram "As in smooth oil" (p. 5), which is Dr. Edward Young's, and "As lamps burn silent" (*ibid.*), which is Aaron Hill's; or again with the translation from Owen, "That thou mayst injure no man" (p. 6), which is Cowper's—he has been content to produce them unfathered and unauthenticated, and so to rank them with the common herd of epigrams by nobodies. Would any one believe that "Go, you may call it madness, folly"—which surely is no more an epigram than any one of Moore's Melodies might be—is given in this volume amongst "Amatory Epigrams," and given without the name of Goldsmith appended? This is no unimportant matter. In p. 63 we find an anonymous epigram, as follows:—

Andrews, 'tis said, a comedy hath writ  
Replete throughout with novelty and wit.  
If it has wit, to both will I agree,  
For wit from Andrews must be novelty.

And it at once occurs to us that the merit of it would be greater could we be sure that it was written before Pope's day. Pope, as everybody knows, divides with his contemporary Young the

credit of the off-hand epigram written on glass with Lord Stanhope's diamond pencil:—

Accept a miracle instead of wit;  
See two dull lines by Stanhope's pencil writ.

The thought here is the exact converse of that in the former epigram; and it is possible that it was prior to, and suggestive of, the poetical sneer at a forgotten comedy writer. In like manner other assessments of merit might be decided satisfactorily if epigram collectors would take the pains to find out, where possible, the authorship of the specimens they publish.

The poverty of this volume may be a warning to collectors not to think that credit can accrue to such hasty, aimless undertakings. Far better were it for those who have an eye and taste for epigram collecting to exercise them in the search of unused material, and to examine for this purpose the pages of particular authors or periods. The Elizabethan age would supply enough to repay the search. So would that of George III. Before us lies the little volume *Chrestoleiros*, seven books of epigrams published by Thomas Bastard in 1598, out of which Dodd has taken three specimens. A dozen or two more would be worth reprinting, especially for the sake of the sort of readers for whom Bastard wrote, "An English reader with a Latin wit." We quote a couple:—

Sextus, upon a spleen, did rashly swear,  
That no new fashions he would ever wear.  
He was forsworn, for see what did ensue,  
He wore the olds, till the olds was the newe.

The other is of the complimentary kind, one of two conceits addressed to the same fair lady, who had a mole on her face:—

As with fresh meates mixture of salt is meete,  
And vinegar doth relish well the sweete;  
So in faire faces moles sometimes arise,  
Which serve to stay the surfeite of our eyes.

Out of the same epigrammatist might be culled numerous specimens of the historical type, referring to Sir Philip Sydney, the Devereux of the period, and other men of the time; and if this single writer yields a fair harvest, what might not be hoped from a careful search among his contemporaries? And, to leap over a couple of centuries, and drop haphazard on a clever but half-forgotten writer, George Hardinge, some time Senior Justice of the Counties of Brecon, Glamorgan, and Radnor, we could cite half-a-score epigrams at the least for which any collection would be the better. One is on "Admiral Gell, an angel of goodness but a great swearer." It is, however, too long to quote here, and we must close with two shorter ones, to give a taste of his quality:—

#### TO TWO BEAUTIFUL SISTERS

Were young Paris again to determine his prize,  
And were you to solicit by tempting his eyes,  
In a fit of despair, at the puzzling view,  
He'd have taken the apple, and cut it in two.

#### ON A MAN ALWAYS IN DEBT.

An arch accountant here is laid,  
Who borrowed and who never paid.  
If he's in Heaven, I could swear  
That he is upon credit there.

#### PERPLEXITY.\*

THE modern novel is commonly said to have had its origin in the romances of mediæval times, and by a slow growth to have attained its present form. We ourselves should be inclined to assign a somewhat different origin to the sensational novel at all events, and to assert that, like Pallas, it sprang into being full-grown. From the witch's caldron in *Macbeth*, when the time was ripe, it came forth; and, however portentous were the three apparitions that appeared in times past, this, the last apparition of all, is far more portentous. When once this idea is presented to the mind, it will be admitted, we believe, without dispute that it is well founded. Who can compare for a moment the collection of incongruous horrors that is to be found both in the contents of the caldron and of the sensational novel, without at once recognizing the fact that the latter is to the sceptical nineteenth century what the former was to the credulous seventeenth century? The superstitious element alone is wanting, but to make up for its absence the hodge-podge is if possible more extravagant, more abounding in horrors, and far more minutely described. The mystical number is still preserved, and in the three volumes, and the three hundred pages which generally go to make up each volume, we still find a trace of those who sang—

Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
And thrice again to make up nine.

At the same time that the ingredients have been strengthened, the language has been rendered still more mystical, so that, however "imperfect speakers" were the witches, they are far surpassed in their imperfection by their modern rivals; and however "thick and slab" was the gruel of the caldron, far more "thick and slab" is the gruel, if we may so call it, of the sensational novel. Our only wonder is that nearly three centuries should have gone by before there arose any one to see that the witches' charm was capable of being expanded into an endless number of novels. When the thing was once done, when an author had once thought of taking all the crimes and horrors and fine language he could think of, and mixing them up into a confused mass, it was

\* *Perplexity*. By Sydney Mostyn. London: King & Co. 1872.



easy enough for any one to follow in his steps, and, by the addition of a little seasoning, to produce something which, though really the same, had yet a certain relish of its own. Though we have seen many novels where horrors and crimes were more abundantly supplied than in the novel before us, yet even in this respect it does not come far short, while in confusion of language it can hold its place with the best of them. The wicked hero is a drunkard, a robber, and a murderer, and only escapes hanging by getting burnt to death. He commits bigamy, and knows he does. The heroine intends to commit bigamy, but though she thinks she succeeds, it turns out in the end that she was mistaken. The good hero neither intends to commit bigamy nor really does, but yet he thinks he has, and for a while suffers as only a good hero can.

Mr. Sydney Mostyn is aware that, however excellent these materials may be, they are not quite enough. He accordingly kills off the heroine's father in a snow-storm, and, quite as a piece of by-play, makes "the second partner" in a bank "abscond with fifty thousand pounds in gold and silver." He gives his readers a great deal, moreover, of a sanctimonious manufacturer of great respectability but of a vile nature, whose ill-used wife after all turns out to be no wife. He is waited on by an equally sanctimonious and equally vile footman, who, to relieve the story where it drags a little in the absence of the wicked hero, absconds with "a large quantity of plate and his master's cash-box," after first trying, like his master and every one else, to get the heroine to marry him. Even the murdering bigamist, the absconding banker, the sanctimonious master, and the plundering footman cannot be in every scene, and occasions would arise where all the characters would be as dull as they were virtuous. Happily the good hero is given an unscrupulous and most malignant mother, who fills up the gaps most conveniently. For, since the heroine is first married to a murderer, next lives as governess in the family of the hypocrite, then is married to the son of the malignant mother, and once more is claimed by the murderer, a pleasing succession is kept up of most unpleasant characters. By the end of the book, indeed, we must admit that the wicked characters have been all cleared away. The murderer leaves behind him "only some charred remains." The footman is transported. His master is exposed. The banker never returns. And, as for the malignant mother, she is dismissed by her son in the following words:—

I told her I would never again speak to her; that I repudiated every claim that she had upon me. I denounced her as cold and pitiless—the murderer of your life, and the slayer of the truest love that had ever entered the human heart.

There may be some who will think that after all Mr. Mostyn has been unusually moderate in the manner in which he has furnished his chamber of horrors, and that he has contented himself with an unusually small number of villains. But, just as on the stage a small number of characters can make a large army on the march, if only they run behind the back scene and come on again on the other side, so in a story a small number of villains can give the appearance of a great deal of villany, by constantly turning up again as soon as they have gone off the scene. Even allowing, however, a certain deficiency in crimes, as compared with the ample allowance of the present day, Mr. Mostyn fully balances it by a more than usual absence of sense in the words he uses. He is aware that a substantive standing by itself looks cold and awkward, and as much requires adjectives to precede it as Her Majesty on her way to St. Paul's on the Thanksgiving Day required seven carriages of courtiers to precede her. But just as it mattered to nobody who were the occupants of these carriages, so it can matter to nobody what are these adjectives. They play the part, as it were, of gold sticks or silver sticks in waiting on their majesties the substantives, and as no one is impertinent enough to ask what is the meaning of a gold stick in waiting, so we hope that no one will be impertinent enough to ask what is the meaning of Mr. Mostyn's adjectives. We would suggest to him, however, that in all future writings he might save himself some trouble if, instead of selecting any particular words, he were to put in, whenever he sees that propriety might discover a gap, the word "adjective." The story is told of a celebrated artist of the present day, who in his hurry to get ready for the engraver a sketch he was taking of a crowd of people in evening dress, after drawing one or two of them, dashed down "shirt fronts as before." His engraver, either maliciously or stupidly, would not understand him, and when the plate was published, there appeared a long row of faces with "shirt fronts as before" written under them. Inadmissible as this is in pictures, we do not at all see why it should not be introduced into novels. For instance, would not "the adjective stars," "the adjective clanging of factory bells," "the adjective whistle sang a prolonged wail," read quite as well as Mr. Mostyn's "mellow stars," "mellow clanging of factory bells," "mellow whistle sang a prolonged wail"? As for the stars being "mellow" we do not object to that. Nor again do we object when he tells us that "the sombre deep sky was flaked over with pulsating stars," or that "the moon was rapidly focussing its light," or that "the darkness stirred, quickened into shapes, writhed with shadowy laughter, and hissed out of the perfect stillness," or that there was "a gathering darkness in the East, on whose pulseless breast beamed a single but gorgeous beam," or that "the morning was crisp, radiant, aromatic," or that there "was a crisp clear moon which was now broadening to its meridian height," or that a "great crimson pile of clouds had risen to receive the pulsating air," or of "a lightning beam scathing my soul." He may play

any tricks he likes with the heavens, but he shall not be allowed to call the whistle of a railway-engine mellow.

*Est modus in rebus, sunt certi denique fines.*

However, it would be well if Mr. Mostyn, before he writes about even the stars, were to get the most elementary knowledge of their motions. We remember a story in which the shipwrecked hero is saved by taking the greatest care to keep as he swam in the path of the moon on the water with a view to being seen and so picked up. But the absurdity of that is fully equalled by the following passage, more especially when we know that the heroine's "papa," whose astronomical knowledge is quoted, was an old sea captain. The heroine was some twenty miles or so from home, and was fleeing by night from her husband the murderer. She is thus saved from retracing her footsteps home in her ignorance of the country:—

One constellation I knew—the Great Bear. I had often viewed it at this hour from the cottage, and papa, I remembered, once told me that the Pointers directly indicated the position of Lichendale from our home. I gazed at them now, and remarked that they pointed in an opposite direction to what I was taking.

Happily she soon espies "a narrow galaxy" of light "marking a village or a hamlet," and gets into a train which bears her straight to the good hero and a second marriage. Mr. Mostyn's love for fine words is most remarkable. No one in his books has wrinkles, but "corrugations." We have "the swarthy corrugation of his brow," and "the corrugation of his white brow." We shall not stop to inquire whether a man, even if a murderous bigamist, can have a swarthy corrugation of a white brow. The heroine also in describing her own behaviour says, "I corrugated my brow, until sweat-drops reeked from the torture of the contraction." Happily she can add, "mentally I was still; I was despair typified by a shape of marble." Even the kitten in Mr. Mostyn's story indulges in "a metallic snore," and the horse's hoofs give "a metallic thud." Especially does he rise to grandeur of language when he has to do with the murderer. In addition to his "corrugations," we are told how, on one occasion, "a fitful wintry ray upon his tempestuous face writhed his mouth"; and how, on another occasion, coming to bed in the dark, "finding the candle, he ignited the wick." In one of the last views we have of him before he disappears in a tremendous fire, we are told how

the eyes I recognized; that sinister ray, those crimson-webbed whites, those irids scintillant with suspicion, hate, despair, were familiar to me as my hand.

Unfortunately Mr. Mostyn is not always content with being merely silly. For mere silliness we can feel some degree of indulgence. But no mercy should be shown to a writer whose rant, in one place at least, goes far beyond the limits of common vulgarity. He, and writers like him, may hide as much as they please the poverty of their thoughts under a cloud of words, but they shall not with impunity in their pretentious novels contend with the *Illustrated Police Gazette* in pandering to a depraved love of all that is horrible and repulsive. Even the *Daily Telegraph*, though it does occasionally give, under the inspiration of Mr. Sheriff Bennett, a moral and minute account of the flogging of garotters, would scarcely contain such a passage as the following:—

"Do you think they should ever hang me? Oh, don't fancy you could escape by denouncing me! don't hope it. You'd like to see me strung to the gallows—what a revenge! My God! think of it! The fellow who used to bully you twisting at the end of a rope, with his hard eyes making lumps on the white cap, roared at by a mob—eh, you'd like that?"

The outrages on decency committed by some of the great novelists of last century are recognized by every one. We hope that the time will come when it will be no less clearly recognized that the mind is almost as surely corrupted by the description of bodily sufferings as of bodily pleasures.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

WE really do not know whether the reputation of Synesius has gained or lost by being introduced to French readers under the patronage of M. Lapatz.\* On the one hand, we think that if the *style précieux* is ever specially objectionable, it is when it is brought to bear upon topics of mere erudition; on the other, there is no doubt that the artificial mannerisms of Synesius are appropriately set off by a commentary where almost every word is a riddle and every phrase a jumble of incongruous metaphors. We used to think that in this peculiar style of composition M. Jules Janin had reached the extreme limits of absurdity; but M. Lapatz manages to out-herod Herod, and his preface in particular may be regarded as a pattern of nonsense. French criticism has always been considered as a model of perspicuity and of precision; in former days Laharpe, in our time M. Boissonnade and M. Egger, have carried on the tradition of the great scholars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but if M. Lapatz should succeed in founding a new school, we shall require comments on the commentators of the Greek and Latin classics. This is the more to be regretted because the new translator of Synesius is undoubtedly quite equal to the task he has undertaken; the matter of his notes is often full of interest, and the curious details he gives us as to the state of Hellenism under the reign of Julian the Apostate are the result of considerable study.

\* *Lettres de Synésius*. Traduites pour la première fois, suivies d'études, par F. Lapatz. Paris: Didier.

M. L. Quicherat still keeps up amongst his countrymen the standard of sound learning, and is apparently determined to prove that true scholarship has not yet perished on the other side of the Channel, notwithstanding the ever-increasing pretensions of positive science, as it is sometimes called. The edition of Nonius Marcellus\* which is now before us, although coming after the excellent ones of Gerlach and Rothe, is so far superior to them that it contains for the first time a complete collection of a MS. dating as early as the ninth century, which is preserved amongst the Italian treasures of the British Museum. The German *savants* we have just named had indeed consulted this MS., but only in a very imperfect manner, and the readings they gave from it were limited to a small number of passages. M. Quicherat, on the contrary, was enabled to obtain a transcript of all the *varie lectiones*, and although we do not find any new quotations given, yet the Harleian *codex* often supplies various readings of separate phrases, and enables us to trace the origin of errors which had crept into the work. The student who wishes to know all about Nonius Marcellus cannot do better than examine M. Quicherat's exhaustive preface; nothing is omitted of any importance as illustrating either the life of the grammarian or the plan he adopted in the composition of his work, and the difficulties which had to be overcome in the settling of the text seem to have been considerable. M. Quicherat gives at the foot of the pages all the readings to be found in the best MSS., and the work is followed by two copious indices; one of the words explained by Nonius Marcellus, and the other of the authors from which the old grammarian quoted his extracts.

The new volume of M. Bossert's lectures on German literature treats of Goethe, his predecessors, and his contemporaries.† The introductory discourse examines the characteristic features of classical literature in Germany, and compares them with those of the French *chefs-d'œuvre*. The word "classical" expresses entirely different ideas in the two countries. Amongst the fellow-countrymen of Racine and Boileau we find the utmost respect for tradition, a remarkable uniformity in all literary productions, and a striking absence of that individuality which stamps an author's writings as peculiarly his own. In Germany, on the contrary, what is called classical writing has essentially a personal character, and the harmonious blending of the critic and the poet in every great national author prevents literature from assuming one well-defined and unchangeable type. The lectures collected in the volume before us treat only of Goethe's early days, and take us down to the epoch of his departure for Weimar. The history of his relations with Klopstock, Lessing, Herder, Wieland, and Lavater is extremely interesting, and is illustrated by numerous extracts from their correspondence.

The *Bibliothèque orientale* which Messrs. Maisonneuve ‡ have undertaken is certainly a gigantic enterprise, and we heartily wish success to the committee of *savants* who purpose publishing in a cheap form the literary masterpieces of India, Persia, Egypt, and China. Many years ago the editors of the *Panthéon littéraire* had, if we remember rightly, included in their collection a volume of Eastern lore; but it was of course impossible to give an adequate idea of so vast a subject within the limits of a few hundred pages, and the exhaustless treasures of Sanskrit literature, for instance, were represented only by a translation of the laws of Menu. The plan laid down in the preface to Messrs. Maisonneuve's *Bibliothèque orientale* is much wider, for it comprises an annotated version of all the early works, both of a religious and of a literary character, on which the faith of primitive nations lived for so long a space of time. The first volume contains the Rig-Veda in the translation of the late M. Langlois, together with an introduction describing the different elements which constitute the Vedic books, and discussing their qualities both as poetical compositions and as witnesses to an old form of worship. The present collection being designed for general readers, the annotators have abstained from details of a purely philosophical nature, and their notes are limited to the explanation of mythological and historical difficulties. By way of supplement, we have, first, an imitation in Latin hexameters, by M. Eichhoff, of a few hymns taken from the Rig-Veda; and, secondly, an excellent analytical index, which will prove of great service to students. The second volume takes us through the golden age of Sanskrit literature, and brings us down to the period of its decay. As a supplement to the translation of the Rig-Veda, the editors have given us fragments from the hymns of the Sama-Veda, the Yajur-Veda, and the Attarva-Veda; these are rendered into French by MM. Barthélemy St-Hilaire and G. Pauthier. Persia, Egypt, and Assyria likewise help to enrich this interesting volume; and, finally, China contributes several important items in the shape of old popular songs, hymns ascribed to Lao-tsen and to Confucius, and a version of the Chi-King. This book has never yet appeared in a French dress, and M. Pauthier, the author of the present translation, has completed his work by the addition of a few other short poems taken from Father Lacharme's Latin paraphrase.

Several able treatises on metaphysical science have lately been published either in France or in French Switzerland. The volume of M. Alaux § originally appeared a few years ago as the second

part of a work entitled *La Raison; essai sur l'avenir de la Philosophie*; in which the author attempted to show, first, what is the part played by metaphysics in the history of humanity, and next, what metaphysics are, considered independently of all external circumstances. M. Alaux devotes the greater portion of his preface to a kind of apology for the task he has undertaken. He finds himself obliged to confront two groups of adversaries; the positivists on the one hand, who assert that metaphysical science has been for ever dismissed from the scheme of knowledge, and on the other those philosophers who even in the spiritualist camp exaggerate the merits of the experimental method. M. Alaux is a writer whose theories require close study, and will well repay the time spent in examining them.

M. Secrétan's lectures\*, like the volume we have just noticed, are not strictly speaking a new book; and here also the author has given as two publications what are really two divisions of the same work. After having taken his position within the domain of pure metaphysics, and endeavoured to place before us an adequate idea of the Perfect Being to whom our reason is incessantly aspiring, M. Secrétan now aims at showing what position Christianity holds in the history of the world, and how the principles of revealed religion can explain the apparent paradoxes which we see around us. In the preface the author discusses the respective claims of Romanism, Protestantism, and free thought to the government of the moral world. Whilst exposing the fallacies of Popery, he is no less strong in showing the inconsistencies of Protestants, and he contends that although to a certain extent the *libres-penseurs* are right, since the distinction between good and evil can be appreciated independently of the notion of God, yet the distinction is comparatively useless so long as we leave moral order deprived of its explanation and its sanction. *La Philosophie de la Liberté* recommends itself equally to philosophers by the vigour of its reasoning and to Christian readers by the religious tone which pervades its pages.

M. Francisque Bouillier has contributed to M. Germer-Baillière's *Bibliothèque de Philosophie* an excellent little volume on Conscience.† What is conscience? and what place ought we to assign to it in the order of our faculties? These questions are connected with a number of interesting discussions which M. Bouillier notices as he goes on. Thus, if we wander on that debatable land where positive science and metaphysicians meet, we find ourselves face to face with the problem whether physiology can throw any light upon the nature and origin of conscience. Quoting the opinions of Professor Tyndall, M. Claude Bernard, and M. Taine in confirmation of his own views, M. Bouillier decides for the negative. Conscience, however, can be examined not only from an abstract, but also from a practical, point of view, and our author does this in the last five chapters of his work. After controverting the theory on which Mr. Buckle based his history of civilization—namely, the negation of the influence of the moral idea in the development of social progress—M. Bouillier takes up the famous quarrel as to the relative merits of ancient and modern writers, started by French critics two hundred years ago, and shows how the argument used by the champions of æsthetic progress is applicable to the questions discussed in his own volume.

M. F. Lenormant's commentary on the fragments of Berosus‡ is a volume of which it is extremely difficult to give an adequate idea within our present limits; we can only say briefly that the work is admirably done, and that the old historian has now for the first time found a competent annotator. Previously to the philological discoveries of the last twenty years, and to the labours of modern *savants* on ethnology and mythology, it was impossible to elucidate in a satisfactory manner a large proportion of the historical monuments of antiquity. Herodotus himself can scarcely be duly appreciated by readers who, know nothing of the results of the investigations of Champollion, Lepsius, Sir H. Rawlinson, MM. Oppert and De Rougé; how much less chroniclers like Berosus, with whom we are acquainted only through a few quotations handed down, we cannot say how correctly or incorrectly, in the writings of other men! The fragments illustrated by M. Lenormant are twenty in number, and they have afforded him an opportunity for discussing problems of great importance connected with Biblical and secular archeology. Thus we find a curious essay on the contents of the libraries at Nineveh—libraries where each book is a collection of bricks, and where baked earth serves the purpose of papyrus and parchment. The Chaldeo-Assyrian Calendar and the Chaldean origin of the Zodiac are minutely examined in another note; and, finally, the various traditions respecting the Flood, the Ark, the Tower of Babel, and the Confusion of Tongues are reviewed and analysed.

After having brought to a satisfactory termination his three volumes on the ethnology of Gaul, Baron Roger de Belloguet publishes a new edition of the Celtic glossary § which formed the first part of that publication. The rapidity with which the original impression was sold proves that the branch of philology taken up by M. de Belloguet is creating considerable interest; it is one which hitherto has been little studied, and for many

\* *Nonii Marcelli de compendiosa doctrina ad filium, etc.* Edit. L. Quicherat. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Goethe, ses précurseurs et ses contemporains.* Par A. Bossert. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Bibliothèque orientale.* Publiée par un comité scientifique international. Vols. 1. and 2. Paris: Maisonneuve.

§ *L'Analyse métaphysique; méthode pour constituer la Philosophie première.* Par J. E. Alaux. Paris: Sandoz.

\* *La Philosophie de la Liberté.—L'Histoire.* Par Charles Secrétan. Paris: Sandoz.

† *De la Conscience en Psychologie et en Morale.* Par Francisque Bouillier. Paris: Germer-Baillière.

‡ *Essai de commentaire des Fragments de Béroso, etc.* Par F. Lenormant.

§ *Ethnogenie gauloise. 1re partie: Glossaire gaulois.* Par M. le baron Roger de Belloguet. Paris: Maisonneuve.



readers it will have the attraction of novelty. The glossary properly so called is introduced by an able disquisition in which the author lays down certain principles which guide him in his explanation of old Celtic words. Although the language spoken by the Celts is of Indo-European origin, its Sanskrit elements belong neither to the German nor to the Latin vocabularies. Professor Holtzmann endeavoured, indeed, some time ago to revive in his *Kelten und Germanen* the theory formerly started by Tschudi and Glareanus, to the effect that the language spoken by the old inhabitants of Gaul was merely a variety of the Teutonic idiom; but M. de Belloguet refutes this opinion, and shows it to be untenable even in the modified form recently put forth by M. Kunnsberg. The glossary itself is not strictly speaking an etymological one, and it would have been impossible to apply to the words which it contains that law of the permutation of letters which prevails in other branches of the Indo-Germanic family. Our author, under the heading of each word, simply gives its meaning, the historical circumstances connected with it, and the terms of similar origin which his researches have enabled him to discover. The volume closes with a discussion of the system of M. Amédée Thierry as to the duality of the Celtic language, a system which is, he argues, radically erroneous. The second issue of his *Glossaire gaulois* has received numerous and important additions, chiefly from inscriptions either lately discovered or lately acknowledged to be of Gallic origin.

The historical and geographical publications of the past month comprise a few volumes of permanent importance, and others which have originated with the Franco-Prussian war and the events of the Commune. Amongst the former we may name the first instalments of a *Bibliothèque de l'Armée Française*, issued by Messrs. Hachette, at the suggestion of M. Thiers. Josephus has supplied to this collection two of his most remarkable pieces—the descriptions of the sieges of Jotapat and of Jerusalem. M. C. Rosset, who has the management of the whole series, and whose history of Louvois is well known, has revised the translation of Arnauld d'Andilly, and introduced it by an excellent preface. The military memoirs of Turenne are written in a dry, uninteresting manner, but they are most valuable for those who wish to study the art of war; the testimony of competent judges such as Marshal de Puysegur and Napoleon is decisive on that score. They seem naturally destined to hold a prominent place in a soldier's library; and they have been included in M. Rosset's *Bibliothèque*, together with Napoleon's *Précis des Campagnes*. Finally, three more volumes are taken up with the Emperor's own account of his campaigns in Italy, Egypt, and Syria.

M. Vivien de Saint-Martin's *Année géographique* § still presents the same mass of facts, ably classified and discussed, which renders his year-books the best publications of their kind. Amongst the principal topics reviewed by him we notice a chapter on the Mormons, and one on the ethnology of Gaul. Asia, however, has the lion's share in this new volume; and the details which we find respecting China, Japan, and Asiatic Russia cannot fail to interest the reader.

Colonel Accaldi's *Lettres militaires* ||, written for the newspaper *Le Temps* during the siege of Paris, and General Martin des Paillières's *Orléans* ||, are important contributions to the history of the late war. Political animosity and private interest have so distorted the facts which marked the campaign of 1870-71 that the unfortunate generals who had to carry out the absurd plans of M. Gambetta and his lieutenant, M. de Freycinet, could no longer allow their reputation as soldiers to suffer from the blunders of the extemporized dictator of France. After the narrative of General d'Aurelle de Paladines, we have that of General des Paillières, equally interesting, and equally conclusive as to the necessity of a thorough reformation in the French army. Being himself a member of the Committee called together for that very purpose, the late chief of the 15th Corps is specially entitled to be heard when he seeks to apply the fruits of his experience in such a manner that his country may retrieve its old military reputation.

Baron Ernouf tells us in his preface \*\* that the rare pamphlets from which he has compiled his new volume would certainly have been *réquisitionnés* by the Prussians if he had not, by a timely precaution, withheld his work from the press till after the conclusion of the war. It gives details respecting the campaigns of 1807-1808 which, if fully to be relied upon, would tend both to diminish the glory of the Germans in their resistance to Napoleon I. and also to prove that the depredations and insolence of the French army were grossly exaggerated. We must of course oppose to Baron Ernouf's statements those of Madame de Staël and of Madame Lenormant; the probability is that here, as in most other cases, things have been very much magnified on both sides.

All the books we have hitherto had to notice on the siege of

\* *Siege de Jérusalem*. Par Flavius Josephé. (Bibliothèque de l'Armée Française.) Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

† *Mémoires de Turenne, suivis du Précis des Campagnes de Turenne*. Par Napoléon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *Campagnes d'Italie, d'Égypte, et de Syrie*. Par Napoléon. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

§ *L'Année géographique*. Par M. Vivien de Saint-Martin (9<sup>e</sup>—10<sup>e</sup> année). Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

|| *Lettres militaires du Siège*. Par F. C. Accaldi. Paris: Plon.

|| *Orléans*. Par le général Martin des Paillières. Paris: Plon.

\*\* *Les Français en Prusse (1807-1808)*. Par le baron Ernouf. Paris: Didier.

Paris were composed by persons residing in France during the war or engaged in defending the capital against the invading armies. The brochure now before us \* contains the narrative of a girl of fourteen driven from her native country and obliged to seek refuge in England. Being the production of so young an authoress, it claims much indulgence; but we must acknowledge that its intrinsic merit would have secured for it considerable success even independently of the circumstances under which it was written. The present edition is the first that could be published on the other side of the Channel, and we doubt not that it will meet with the popularity which the former one obtained in England.

M. Taine, like M. Renan, is not in very good odour just now with his old friends the Republicans, and they accuse him of having endeavoured to calumniate the *sans-culotte régime* by exhuming from the dust of some library and translating into French the lies of an "emissary of Pitt and Coburg."† The draught is a bitter one, as M. Taine himself acknowledges; but that is precisely the reason why those for whom it is intended should swallow it; and besides, if the anonymous English lady judges so severely Robespierre, Danton, and the Terrorists, it is only because she feels the benefit of living under a Government where freedom and security are compatible with respect for the law.

The new poem of M. Victor Hugo ‡ will not add much to the author's reputation from the artistic point of view; it contains many beauties, no doubt, but they are drowned in an extraordinary mass of verbiage and nonsense. The keynote, too, is essentially wrong. Men of as great experience as M. Hugo, and who enjoy the advantage of not allowing themselves to be led astray by their imagination, have long since declared that the source of all the misfortunes of France is the excessive vanity fostered by those writers who talk of Paris as *la capitale des peuples*, or *la ville sainte*. There is one point, however, on which the poet deserves much credit; he distinctly repudiates the pretensions of the mob whilst he advocates the rights of the people, and he separates the true Republicans from the *Septembriseurs* with an eloquence more sincere than consistent. Poetry is not bound to take much notice of logic, otherwise it would be easy to prove that 1793 was the natural offspring of a revolution cast in the mould of Rousseau's *Contrat social*. M. Victor Hugo's *Actes et Paroles* § show the part he has taken in political events since the proclamation of the Republic on the 4th of September.

\* *Récit d'une Petite Fille*. Angers: Barassé.

† *Un Séjour en France de 1792 à 1795; lettres d'un témoin de la Révolution française*. Traduites par M. Taine. Paris and London: Hachette & Co.

‡ *L'Année terrible*. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Lévy.

§ *Actes et Paroles*. Par Victor Hugo. Paris: Lévy.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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Stewards and Members of the Corporation who have not yet given written notice of tickets they require are requested to do so immediately, in order that seats may be reserved for them.

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